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THE ELECTIONS.

THE success of the Conservatives has continued day after day with astonishing uniformity. They have gained everywhere except in Ireland, where, however, they have certainly not lost if their fortunes are compared with those of pure Ministerialists. But in every part of England, Wales, and Scotland, they have conclusively shown that the country is with them. That they were sure to gain in the counties was well known, but that they would gain in counties of such very different characters and by such decisive majorities it was impossible to foresee. They have beaten the Liberals by almost two to one in Middlesex. They have turned out so formidable a candidate as Mr. LOCKE KING in East Surrey; they have carried Carmarthen-shire and Carnarvonshire; they have given Sir WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL his own again in Perthshire. The Home Counties are almost entirely in their possession, and they have reduced Mr. GOSCHEN to being thankful that the minority clause enables him to creep humbly in as the minority member for the City. There have been a few Liberal gains to set against the triumphs of the Conservatives, of which those in North-West Yorkshire and North Durham are the most conspicuous. But no party can possibly win all over the kingdom, as local influences must tell here and there, and personal popularity will have its own weight. But even in Scotland the Conservatives have gained nine seats and lost two, and their gain has not been by any means exclusively in the counties where the influence of great landowners preponderates. The minority clause has seated a Conservative for Glasgow, which is a victory just in the sense in which it is a victory that Mr. GOSCHEN keeps his seat for the City. But in the Ayr and the Wigton burghs Conservatives have been returned after a hard and close fight. In some constituencies—as, for example, Middlesex—the result has been partly due to Liberal abstentions, and to the total want of Liberal zeal and organization. But this has not been the case generally. The Liberals have not lost ground so much as the Conservatives have gained ground. The Liberals have this time polled numbers which last time sufficed for victory only to find that the Conservatives had gone far ahead of this standard. The constituencies have naturally increased, partly from the general increase of population and wealth, and partly because in 1868 there had not been time enough to get on the register the new electors whose votes had been given them by the Reform Bill of the previous year. The new voters must have somehow contained a very strong Conservative element. There have also been many voters who this time have recorded their votes, although in previous years they were too indifferent to party politics to vote. They have now come forward, a little it may be under the shelter of the Ballot, but principally moved by a strong desire to get rid of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry. A class usually quiescent has been roused by wrath and alarm into action. The dwellers in those happy hideous homes which line the roads out of great towns have made a great effort for once in a way, just as if they had been called to a marriage or a funeral, and have gone to the poll to record their votes against a Ministry which seemed to be willing to upset everything. They were not harassed; their incomes had not been cut down by a retrenching Government; they had not the slightest wish to go to a public-house after eleven at night; but they thought that Mr. GLADSTONE, having done some very good things, had lost his head, and was at the mercy of any clique of violent foolish men who told him that their cry was the only true original Liberal cry, that their mob was the largest, and that he must, if he wished to keep office and do good, shout with it.

Undoubtedly there are a certain number of constituencies, chiefly in the North of England, where, to succeed, the Liberal party must always be signalling its existence by lighting up one political bonfire after another. They cannot do without excitement, and care more to be moving somewhere than to know where they are going. But what the present elections must have forced home to the minds of Liberal leaders is that these Northern constituencies do not by any means represent the general tone of the Liberal constituencies of England. What the great bulk of Liberal electors like is to be able to persuade themselves that they know more or less where they are going. This persuasion has been cruelly cut away from them lately. The Irish Church and Land Acts were distinctly recommended in the early days of the Ministry as dealing with wholly exceptional cases. Last autumn a leading Cabinet Minister recommended them as useful precedents which might be conveniently applied to England. The ordinary Liberal elector has not the slightest intention of letting a set of factious impracticable Irishmen break up the Empire, and he looks to his leaders to express his sentiments. To his confusion he finds that neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor Mr. BRIGHT will say a word against Home Rule. They cannot guess what it means, but in the proper time will have something to say to it. This dismays the humble Liberal of the faint Southern type, who thinks that these are subjects as to which the heads of his party need not wait to see how the cat jumps. Very likely this faint Southern Liberal is not so enlightened, so zealous, nor so far-seeing as he might be; but what is important is that he exists and must be taken into account. So must the quiescent neutral in his villa-home. Their retiring figures and timid faces must in the future flit before the mental vision of the Liberal leaders both in Opposition and in power. Whether the Liberal leaders need think of power for a long time is doubtful. On the one hand, the moment Mr. GLADSTONE goes into Opposition a great part of the bitterness that now is felt towards him will die away. A sort of respectful pity may spring up for the man who has done so much and who has received such a rebuff from a nation which he conceived was ardently admiring him. The Conservatives are sure to make mistakes, and then many of those who have now risen up in their moral majesty to pronounce sentence on Mr. GLADSTONE will rise up in an equally noble attitude to pronounce sentence on Mr. DISRAELI. We may imagine that the constituencies, having got used to the excitement of the wholesale condemnation of Ministries, will not like to abandon the pleasure altogether. But, on the other hand, the Conservative majorities are likely to prove compact. They will not easily melt away, for they are in a great measure the fruit of careful nursing, and of the return to those habits of subordination to wealth, and rank, and great neighbours of every kind which are deeply implanted in the English breast. Ireland, too, promises to be a god-send to the Conservatives, and to do them quite as much good as it did the Liberals in the early days of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government. It will be necessary to rule firmly a people which, never in the least content with or grateful for what it has got, is always craving after something that it cannot have. That it cannot have what would be very bad for it to get, and nearly as bad for England to give, is the lesson which Ireland needs now, and the Conservatives seem specially designed and qualified to impart this useful piece of instruction.

The question naturally suggests itself, when is the result of the election to be formally acknowledged, and a Conservative Government to replace the present Administration? The best thing for public convenience would be, no doubt,

that Mr. GLADSTONE should resign as soon as the last election is over. If he takes this step he will have done all in his power to repair the inconveniences attending on the unfortunate choice he made of the time for a dissolution. He also distinctly put it to the constituencies whether they wished that the arrangement of the next Budget should be in his hands, and they have as distinctly replied that they do not wish this. To give a fair opportunity to his opponents of arranging the Budget after their fashion seems therefore the natural and proper consequence of the reference he has made to the wishes of the electors. That all March should be wasted before a new Government can meet the House of Commons seems a matter much to be regretted. Unfortunately, the only precedent for taking the course which convenience suggests is the one set by Mr. DISRAELI in 1868; and, still more unfortunately, Mr. GLADSTONE then took upon himself to taunt the Conservatives with not daring to face the Parliament they had called together. No doubt the general current of precedent is in favour of a beaten Minister accepting his defeat only at the hands of Parliament, and the custom is grounded on the salutary doctrine that it is only through Parliament that the nation can speak. If this is the ground on which Mr. GLADSTONE thinks himself bound to retain office until a formal vote displaces him, he must be congratulated on his tardy perception of wholesome constitutional doctrines. That a Minister should have transferred the consideration of the Budget from Parliament to the electoral body, and then a few weeks afterwards have discovered that Parliament alone ought to decide what Ministry shall be in power, shows that every reasonable mind may be converted, and that the uses of adversity are sweet. A subsidiary discussion has been started as to who is to be Speaker, and some of those who claim to be in the confidence of the Ministry have suggested that an occasion has arisen for a bargain, and that the Ministry should resign at once if Mr. BRAND is accepted as the new Speaker by the Conservatives. Those who have regarded such an arrangement as dignified and feasible must be the same adventurous spirits as those who have hinted that Mr. GLADSTONE is capable of shocking opinion and disorganizing a whole department of administrators by putting Mr. AYTON in the India Office as the successor of Mr. HERMAN MERIVALE. The Conservatives have every right to say who is to be Speaker. If they take Mr. BRAND, it will be because they know and respect his high qualifications for the office. If they think they have a good man on their side, they may properly put him in the hair without the slightest reference as to when Mr. GLADSTONE goes out. It entirely rests with Mr. GLADSTONE to say whether he will go out in a few days, or, it may be, a month later; and, whichever way he decides, it is perfectly certain that he will not be swayed in his decision by any unworthy wish to retain office, and to give away a few minor posts for a few days more.

MR. DISRAELI'S MATERIALS FOR A GOVERNMENT.

IN forming an Administration Mr. DISRAELI will not be embarrassed, like some of his predecessors, by an excessive abundance of materials. The Conservative party has not, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, recovered the loss of its entire staff of leaders which occurred in the disruption of 1846. The Governments which have since been formed by Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI have been too unstable and too brief to train up a race of official statesmen. There is now a reasonable probability that the incoming Government may maintain itself in power at least during the existence of the present Parliament. The vexatious law which vacates the seats of Ministers on their acceptance of office may perhaps afford a few constituencies the opportunity of exhibiting the caprice which seems to be encouraged by the Ballot, but the principal members of the new Cabinet are, fortunately, almost certain of re-election. Mr. DISRAELI, Mr. HARDY, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and Mr. WARD HUNT are not likely to be troubled with contests. The future Law Officers in England and Scotland are not less fortunately situated, and Irish Attorney-Generals have for some time past been liable to the chance of exclusion from Parliament. The House of Lords, if it had no other merit, would be a highly useful institution in supplying a certain number of Ministers who may be selected solely on account of their qualifications for office; and it happens that several Conservative peers have an undisputed claim to places in the Cabinet. No statesman commands more general confidence

than Lord DERBY; the Duke of RICHMOND is an able and experienced man of business; and Lord CARNARVON may naturally be expected to return to his former post at the Colonial Office. It would be an injustice to suspect that Lord SALISBURY could allow any personal differences to interfere with an opportunity of rendering good service to his country. During his short tenure of the India Office he laid the foundation of a great administrative reputation; and, as the Duke of ARGYLL will necessarily retire, no other Minister will be as competent as Lord SALISBURY to deal with the grave question of the impending famine.

In ordinary times Lord SALISBURY's energies might be not less advantageously employed in the War Office, where it will be difficult to supply the place of Mr. CARDWELL. The actual MINISTER of WAR has effected greater changes in the military system than any of his predecessors; and during his five years' tenure of office he has mastered all the details of military administration. Although his measures have been distasteful to many officers of the army, Mr. CARDWELL has never added to the difficulties of his task by giving unnecessary offence. For the issue of the Royal Warrant, which was his most questionable act, Mr. GLADSTONE is perhaps more responsible than his colleague. It may be hoped that Mr. CARDWELL's successor, even if he should himself be a military man, will devote himself in good faith to promoting the efficiency of the system which is now definitively established. There was much to be said in defence or extenuation of the undoubted anomalies of purchase; but no reasonable advocate of the practice would have deliberately created the system if it had not already existed. It is perhaps unlucky that Mr. CARDWELL's chief subordinates hold Parliamentary office, so that they must necessarily retire with their chief. The new First Lord of the Admiralty may feel satisfaction in reflecting that he knows as much of the navy as Mr. GOSCHEN knew when he entered on his office two or three years ago. One of the oddities of Parliamentary government is that the principal partner in a firm is sometimes also the youngest apprentice. If Mr. GOSCHEN's successor is as intelligent and as industrious as himself, he will give reasonable satisfaction to the navy; and he will gradually learn to form and express independent opinions on the construction of ships, on the disposal of patronage, and on the distribution of the fleet. Ex-Ministers of departments discharge a useful function in applying their acquired knowledge to the supervision and criticism of the arrangements of their reigning opponents. It is, in fact, not more impossible for a Parliamentary leader to learn the details of a special branch of administration than for an advocate to argue a technical case by the aid of instructions supplied for the occasion.

The most difficult and important selection which will devolve on Mr. DISRAELI will be the choice of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. He has hitherto been content that the duties of the office should be discharged by a novice or an amateur; but finance, unlike naval or military administration, is not an accumulation of details, but a part of the special knowledge of a statesman. Mr. DISRAELI may be consoled by the example of Lord MELBOURNE and Lord RUSSELL for his own imperfect acquaintance with the principles of finance; but it is expedient that he should neither deceive himself as to his own qualifications, nor lightly place any but the most competent of his colleagues in direct comparison with the greatest financier of the time. Mr. GLADSTONE, although he has recently yielded to the temptation of making financial expediency subordinate to party interest, has introduced great improvements of financial and commercial policy. He has also created great embarrassment for his successors by his premature offer of reductions which may perhaps be popular. Many Conservative members have unwisely pledged themselves to the repeal of the Income-tax, though Mr. DISRAELI, as soon as he recovered from his first surprise, repudiated his hasty adoption of Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal. If he is well advised he will entrust the Exchequer to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who was regularly trained in the knowledge of finance as a pupil of Mr. GLADSTONE, though he is not pledged to the later innovations or eccentricities of his former master. Public confidence will be reposed only in a skilled financier who may be trusted to regard the interests of the revenue and of the taxpayer to the exclusion, as far as possible, of political considerations. Next to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Mr. CAVE would perhaps be the most competent candidate for the office. It is no disparagement to Mr. WARD HUNT, who will in some other department be found an efficient administrator,

to say that his financial measures were constructed rather for the purpose of conciliating the support or tolerance of Mr. GLADSTONE than from any original exercise of discretion. The provision for the cost of the Abyssinian war by an increase of the Income-tax, and the creation of temporary annuities, were virtually dictated by Mr. GLADSTONE.

LORD DERBY will probably resume the conduct of the Foreign Office, and continue the policy of Lord GRANVILLE. Since the settlement of differences with America, and the practical withdrawal of England from Continental affairs, the duties of the Foreign Office leave sufficient leisure for the exercise of a general influence in the councils of the Government. Lord GRANVILLE was supposed to be the most confidential and probably the most judicious adviser of Mr. GLADSTONE; and Mr. DISRAELI will do well to allow a large share of influence to Lord DERBY. Where impetuous genius has produced universal distrust, it may be desirable to try the experiment of a policy of dispassionate common sense. Lord DERBY is more thoroughly in harmony with English opinion than Mr. DISRAELI himself, and he will have no tendency to indulge in dangerous and uncertain experiments. It would perhaps be still more advisable to induce Lord DERBY to accept the succession not only of Lord RIPON and Lord ABERDARE, but of the able Minister who really discharged the duties of their office. It is of the utmost importance that the active Minister, whether he is called President or Vice-President of the Council, should be heartily devoted to the cause of education, and that he should be free from any ecclesiastical bias which might tend to hamper his exertions. The continuance and completion of Mr. FORSTER'S invaluable services would be a task worthy of a statesman of the highest rank. Mr. HARDY will probably return to the Home Office, which he has already administered with success. Among the younger members of the party, Mr. PLUNKETT and Mr. LOWTHER will perhaps be thought to have a claim to office. Mr. DISRAELI is probably already engaged in the composition of his Government, and he enjoys a reputation for knowledge of character which ought to secure him against the commission of gross mistakes.

THE CONSERVATIVE REACTION.

THE defeat of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, while it may be partially attributed to many secondary causes, undoubtedly proves the reality of the disputed Conservative reaction. Ministerial supporters have shown much good sense in simply acknowledging the change in public opinion which has taken all parties by surprise. It would have been easy to explain away the results of a dozen elections, where the Liberals had put forward too many candidates, or where personal influence was unusually powerful; but the loss and gain of a hundred seats for large and small constituencies evidently proceeded from general causes. The Conservative reaction is the more remarkable and unexpected because it has occurred at the second general election after the institution of household suffrage in the boroughs, and the wider extension of the franchise in counties. There can be little doubt that the constituencies as they existed from 1832 to 1867 would have returned a still larger majority against Mr. GLADSTONE. None of the measures or proposals of his Government, with perhaps the exception of the unlucky Beer Bill, were especially obnoxious to the working class; nor is there any reason to expect that the future Ministers will be more favourable to popular demands than their predecessors. Although it is impossible to scrutinize the votes, there can be little doubt that the 101. householders have had a large share in the return of a Conservative House of Commons. In the early part of 1867, Mr. GLADSTONE obtained a majority of seventy for a Resolution which virtually affirmed the expediency of abolishing the Irish Church; during the whole of the Session he enjoyed the satisfaction of defeating Mr. DISRAELI on every important division, and of remodelling the Reform Bill in accordance with his own opinions, although the defection of some of his adherents prevented him from rejecting it as a whole. It is true that the subsequent election both increased his majority and established for the time his personal supremacy; but it ought not to be forgotten that the Liberal party was predominant before as well as after the last Reform Bill.

If the immediate operation of secret voting had been

foreseen, the Ballot would neither have been actively promoted by the more zealous Liberals, nor obstinately resisted by the Conservatives. The contrivance which was designed to counteract the influence of property and station has thus far chiefly tended to relax the bonds of party connexion. The Conservatives will have no monopoly of the benefits which result from the safe indulgence of personal inclination. Hull, Renfrewshire, and, above all, Stroud, have afforded striking illustrations of the opportunity which the Ballot offers to political caprice. The Opposition has naturally profited by the instinct of antagonism and the love of change, and to a certain extent popular feeling will perhaps at the next election tend to oscillate in the opposite direction; but, when full allowance has been made for a natural love of novelty and contradiction, the result of the election must in great part have been influenced by permanent motives. Mr. DISRAELI'S remark that men are governed by custom as well as by law showed a sounder knowledge of human nature than Mr. LOWE'S elaborate eulogy of harassing legislation. It is true that improvements are effected, not by leaving things alone, but by legislative action, and yet the process of amendment is occasional, exceptional, and generally troublesome. Houses cannot be repaired without the help of masons and carpenters, but repair is not the normal condition or the primary object of a house. When the alterations are proposed, not for the convenience of the occupier, but on the demand of his neighbours or at the discretion of some public authority, it is not surprising that the selfish household should become impatient of frequent interference. It might perhaps be justifiable to harass landowners, publicans, military officers, holders of University endowments, and many other sections of the community with actual or threatened legislation; but every person who was interested in the maintenance of any established institution, or in the possession of any kind of property, became uneasy at the restless activity of political projectors, and at the readiness of the Government to entertain proposals of change. A statesman of mature years might have been expected, even before the late election, to know that many persons prefer their own interest and comfort to the most beautiful schemes that can be devised for the general welfare.

The Conservative reaction is to a great extent a reaction against the PRIME MINISTER; and its sudden prevalence may be partially explained by his latest exhibition of the qualities which had provoked universal distrust. The English nation, like other well-ordered communities, dislikes surprises, suspects impulsive temperaments, and resents violations of constitutional practice; and the circumstances of the dissolution confirmed the general belief that Mr. GLADSTONE'S character was deficient in steadiness, in prudence, and in regard to precedent. It was evident that he had formed the design of dissolution on a sudden, with the result, if not with the purpose, of taking opponents, supporters, and even his colleagues, by surprise. The same Minister who, in the issue of the Royal Warrant on purchase, had superseded the authority of Parliament by the revival of an obsolete prerogative, now usurped on behalf of the multitude the distinctive function of the House of Commons, by submitting the Budget in the first instance to the judgment of the constituencies. Those who questioned the soundness of Mr. GLADSTONE'S political judgment had always acknowledged his pre-eminence as a financier, and now they were compelled to admit that he had for party purposes disregarded official propriety even in his own special department. The irritation which was startled into an outburst of hostility had been long accumulating. It had become impossible to anticipate the construction which Mr. GLADSTONE might place on any sentence in a despatch, or on any clause in an Act of Parliament; nor was there an institution in the country which he could be trusted to defend. If a foreign statesman quoted the remark of an English Ambassador that war must ensue in a certain contingency, Mr. GLADSTONE insisted that the warning was not a warning, because it was preceded and followed by inverted commas. Enactments that a certain office should only be conferred on a Judge, or a certain benefice on an Oxford graduate, were interpreted into provisions that both Judge and graduate should be specially manufactured for the occasion. Within two years from the passing of a Reform Bill, the PRIME MINISTER wantonly announced that universal suffrage must ultimately prevail. When Mr. MIALl introduced a resolution preparatory to the abolition of the Established Church, a trusted

colleague of the PRIME MINISTER merely contended that the motion was premature; and although on a later occasion Mr. GLADSTONE himself defended the Church in a powerful speech, his son soon afterwards informed his constituents that the meaning of the PRIME MINISTER had been misapprehended, and that he had only intended to disavow any personal intention of preparing a Disestablishment Bill. Within two or three weeks Mr. GLADSTONE's inveterate love of ambiguity has been displayed in his profession of inability to understand the exact meaning of the Irish demand for Home Rule. It may or may not be true that the intentions of Mr. BUTT and his party are indefinite; but, whatever may be the meaning of Home Rule, no project which bears the name could conscientiously be entertained by an English Prime Minister. The affectation of uncertainty could only be interpreted by habitual tolerance of every democratic demand. A year or two ago Mr. GLADSTONE professed his intention of thinking three times before he suppressed the House of Lords, which was too much inclined to resist his dictation. The country is not prepared to endure the concession of Home Rule after any number of repetitions of the thinking process. Mr. LOWE, who has the quality of thinking clearly and speaking plainly, found no difficulty either in understanding the meaning of Home Rule, or in making up his mind to resist the disruption of the Empire, in whatever phrases it might be proposed. Future Ministers may learn from the experience of Mr. GLADSTONE that it is prudent to impose a limit on their readiness to encourage proposals of change. The present Cabinet has habitually acted on the principle candidly avowed by Mr. STANSFELD, that the Liberal party must justify its own existence by the incessant discovery and accomplishment of political innovations. They now find that the nation is more ready to dispense with a Liberal Government than to subject its institutions to perpetual alteration. After an interval reform will probably again become popular, but scarcely for the sake of the party by which it may be undertaken. The Nonconformist preachers and their adherents will do well to profit by the rebuke which has been inflicted on their sectarian agitation. The Liberal party has for the time rejected the pretensions of the Dissenters to make political action subordinate to their own religious and social objects. The Conservative reaction is partly a protest of moderate Liberalism against the bigotry of sects and against revolutionary tendencies.

MR. DISRAELI AT BUCKINGHAM.

MR. DISRAELI, in addressing his audience at Buckingham, naturally spoke in a strain of the most radiant good humour. Everything was going as well as possible, and everything showed that he had always been right. He had no longer any bitterness, even for his opponents. He praised Lord NORTHBROOK, and had no doubt that the Government had done its best to help India in the present terrible crisis. He even wished it to be noticed how much he loved and was loved by Liberals, or at any rate Buckinghamshire Liberals, and on what terms of cordial intimacy he lived with the chief leaders of Liberalism in the district where he resided. Naturally, if everything in England looks nearly perfect with a strong Conservative majority daily increasing, Buckinghamshire is perfection itself; and Mr. DISRAELI was able to assure his local admirers that directly he had passed the Thames and the Colne he felt a subtle superiority in everything above and around him. More especially he always rejoiced in the fact that in one part of Buckinghamshire there was gathered a nest of houses where lived almost all the families which were instrumental in giving our glorious Constitution its peculiar character. There were days when the founders and upholders of this peculiar Constitution were described as a Venetian oligarchy whom CONINGSBY and all other good and enlightened young men were bound to hate with the bitterness natural to epigrammatic heroes. Among the recent prophets of evil and the gloomiest painters of the hidden dangers threatening England was the Rector of Glasgow University, who gave young Scotchmen to understand that they were treading on the treacherous ashes of a society beneath which the fiery passions of democratic equality were smouldering. All these melancholy theories and gloomy visions have for the moment passed out of Mr. DISRAELI's mind. He was radiant and genial, and found that everything was showing itself at its best in this best of all possible worlds. Nor is it un-instructive to remark that every successful party holds in

turn much the same language. They all insist that for them the sun ought never to set, nor the flowers of the field to fade. Their claim to success and power and office is perennial. For a long time we have heard this language from Whig philosophers. Their party was born in the nature of things to be always in a position of appropriate superiority. Tories were all very well in Opposition, for if there were no Opposition there would be no fun in having a good Whig majority; but for Tories to be in office was an aberration from the scheme of things which a logical mind must contemplate with aversion. Now Mr. DISRAELI, in his turn, is not content with having a majority. He likes to think that anything but a Conservative majority is an unnatural accident. Last general election there was indeed a Liberal majority, but that was because there was no time then for Conservatives to get at the great mass of the nation, who have really but one desire, and that is to have the historic majesty of England upheld. Now the healthy mass of English feeling has been once for all reached, and a Conservative Government takes the place which properly and inalienably belongs to it.

Mr. DISRAELI noticed one feature in the elections, and laid great stress on it, which ought to be satisfactory to men of all parties. In spite of all we have heard in recent years of the tendency of class to be set against class, and of the deep separation that was springing up between conflicting interests, the elections have not revealed any of this want of social harmony. The Trade Unions have not succeeded, except in the most limited way. Employers have not separated themselves from the employed, nor have servants risen up against masters. The tenant-farmers go with their landlords as much as ever, and the county elections have been as satisfactory to Mr. DISRAELI as the borough elections. Lastly, Mr. DISRAELI has been able to ask his admirers with just triumph whether they do not now believe in the Conservative working-man. There can be no doubt that in many constituencies the victory has been won for the Conservatives by the new voters, and the new voters must be in a large degree men of the type who are generally called working-men. For some reason or other these new voters have been prompted to vote for Conservative candidates this time. It may be that the Conservative registration agents looked them up, or it may be that they are more alive to thoughts of the historic grandeur of England than their neighbours in the next street who had had votes for some years could pretend to be; or, lastly, it may be that, not having voted at all before, they were new to the work, and more easily persuaded, and more alive to the fascinating eloquence and stimulating arguments of the publican whose tap they specially loved. Let us take it all at its best. Let us say that Stafford and Morpeth recognized that their working-men candidates were, as Mr. DISRAELI says, of an admirable type, and that other boroughs saw that their working-men candidates were, as Mr. DISRAELI described them, odious Jacobins; and of course this keen discernment on the part of the constituencies was most creditable to them. Let us agree that, in spite of the Ballot, the tenant-farmers went heartily with their landlords; and, not to make two bites at a cherry, let us suppose that the new Conservative voters paying four shillings a week for their houses were, with few exceptions, animated with the patriotic ardour that springs from an intelligent study of English history. Nothing could be more delightful than all this, but whose anticipations does it falsify? It was surely not the Liberals who said that class was being set against class, and interest against interest. It was not the Liberals who said that the Ballot would prevent men from gratifying hereditary and local attachments, nor was it the Liberals who said that the working-man, with his acknowledged interest in English history, ought not to have a vote. It was Mr. DISRAELI's desponding friends who used to call heaven and earth to witness that they were going to be ruined by the perils which they have now so triumphantly surmounted. If in the course of time the interest of the working-man in English history undergoes an accidental and temporary abatement, and so a Liberal Ministry comes again into power, it will certainly be justified in saying that the measures of its party have not always been dangerous; for some that were called so were scarcely passed before it was found that they had been entirely consistent with, if not among the causes of, the establishment of that rock and tower of national safety, the installation of a Conservative Ministry with a commanding majority.

Mr. DISRAELI is now so very nearly a Prime Minister that, although he never went beyond the bounds of discretion, he could not altogether avoid speaking like one at Buckingham. He took subjects so important as those of India, of Ireland, and of national education; and though he did not commit himself on any, he showed that he looked on them from the point of view of a man whose responsibility with regard to them would soon begin. As to India, he did not separate himself from the present Government. He could not do so, for in the first place he does not as yet know in detail what has been done, and to judge of anything about India requires the knowledge of innumerable details; and in the next place he is perfectly aware that the ordinary course of Indian affairs is, that the Cabinet approves whatever the Secretary of State approves of, that the Secretary approves of whatever the Council approves of, and that the Council approves of whatever the Viceroy approves of. As a rule, all comes back to the Viceroy at last. He has the inestimable advantage of being on the spot, having real power and real responsibility. The Duke of ARGYLL has been severely criticized for having had the gout at Inverary this winter. Of course it would have been more official to have had the gout in London, but the result has been probably much the same to India. Sanguine speculators on political changes have suggested that Lord SALISBURY will soon be at the India Office, and that he will do wonders in averting or remedying mischief. Nothing could be more unfair than to expect Lord SALISBURY or any other statesman to do what is impossible, and to suggest some novelty which has never occurred to the VICEROY or any Indian official here or there, and which will mend matters at once. Mr. DISRAELI does not encourage such a notion for a moment. The Duke of ARGYLL some time ago gave Lord NORTHBROOK *carte blanche*—that is, told him to spend as much Indian money as he liked; and now Mr. DISRAELI asks whether we might not possibly let him spend a little English money too. The Irish policy of Mr. DISRAELI is simplicity itself. It is to say to the Irish that they shall not have Home Rule or anything like it, and that, as they have been first distracted and then gagged by the Liberals, they will have to thank the Conservatives if the pressure of this gagging is in any way relaxed. The beauty of this policy is that, if severity continues to be necessary, the Conservatives are not to be blamed for it. If it becomes gradually less necessary, then, even though Mr. GLADSTONE's measures may be the cause of the improvement, the Conservatives are to have the glory of treating Ireland in a new spirit of kindness and confidence. There is not much to complain of in this, or in the ingenious advice given to Conservatives to stick like men to the grand 25th Clause, and leave other questions of education to a right-minded Ministry. Most cautious statesmen guard themselves in this way when they see office close before them, and caution and discretion are essential features in the programme of Mr. DISRAELI.

THE BENGAL FAMINE.

THE duty of a leader of Opposition in regard to a calamity like the Bengal famine is so plainly marked out that it would seem more correct to say that it would have been a discredit to Mr. DISRAELI if he had made it a party question than to say that it is a credit to him that he has abstained from doing so. Still attention even to plain duties is not so universal in politicians as to make it inappropriate to praise him for the good sense and good feeling which marked his treatment of the subject on Tuesday. He acquitted the existing Government of any responsibility for the difficulties with which they have to contend in India; he bore testimony to the industry, firmness, and resource of the VICEROY; and he pointed out that, as regards the feature of the VICEROY's policy which has been most attacked—the refusal to forbid exportation—a Government which undertakes to supersede the private trader may find that it has neither the skill nor the connexion which is needed to do the private trader's work. So far no one could have told from hearing Mr. DISRAELI to which side of the House of Commons he belonged. The one adverse criticism contained in his speech referred to the application of the labour test, and on this point Mr. DISRAELI's censure would be perfectly just if it were really deserved. "When we hear," he said, "of women of high caste absolutely obliged to go to the public works in order

"that they may do that which they never did in their lives—labour to obtain sustenance—it is impossible not to believe that the consequences will be of the most distressing character." That there may be isolated instances of the employment of high-caste women in this way it is of course impossible to deny, but no faith can be put in the reports which represent it as a thing of common occurrence. The rules of applying the labour test as originally framed were especially directed against such a contingency, and it is highly improbable that the Government of India would have entirely changed its views on this question without communication with the Home Government, or that its orders should be systematically disobeyed by its own servants. That women are largely employed on the relief works is certain, but this applies to a class which is accustomed to "labour to obtain sustenance." Unless the system of relief works is altogether abandoned, and gratuitous distribution substituted, it is difficult to see any reason for exempting women from the necessity of doing during the famine what they do as a matter of course at all other times.

Mr. DISRAELI's reference to the possible appropriation of a part of the surplus to "claimants of a much more powerful character than our own comparatively miserable interest" may serve to relieve the financial anxieties of the Government of India. It ought to be clearly understood that private subscriptions either in London or in Calcutta will go to the relief of the Indian Exchequer, not to the relief of the actual sufferers. There is no reason why benevolent persons should not spend their money in this way; indeed a Government which is vigorously doing its duty under heavy pecuniary burdens is a much more deserving object of charity than many of those who usually receive it. But it must not be supposed either in India or in England that the provision of relief is in any sense dependent on private contributions. The Government of India has been authorized to spend all the money that may be necessary to keep the people of Bengal from starving. In so far as this duty can be performed without subjecting the QUEEN'S Indian subjects to an amount of taxation which implies the infliction of real suffering, it is by India that the cost ought to be borne. The VICEROY must be prepared, we fear, to give up all thoughts of a surplus. But supposing that the ordinary revenues of India prove inadequate to this new demand, it is the Imperial Exchequer that must honour it. The precise proportions in which the cost of the famine is to be distributed between the two countries is a matter for the consideration of the Home Government. The main thing to be kept in mind is that there shall be no hesitation or misunderstanding about spending money. Whatever is really needed to save lives should be done without delay and without stint, and it ought to be made abundantly clear to the population of the distressed districts that the contributions offered by private persons are only to be regarded as expressions of sympathy and good will, and that the supply of food in no way depends on these agencies, but will go on in amounts regulated not by the uncertain impulses of individual charity, but by the regular and certain needs of the sufferers.

There is a disposition in some quarters to assume that the transport system to the distressed districts has altogether broken down, and that this fact is equivalent to a demonstration that the Government have been wrong in allowing exportation to go on from Calcutta. There is no connexion, however, between the two ideas. Those who insist on identifying them seem to assume that in the districts suffering from famine there has been at one and the same time a superabundance and a deficiency of grain. But the rice which leaves Calcutta has not been brought thither from the precise localities to which it is necessary that other rice should be carried. It has come thither from districts in which the crops have not failed, and if it had been bought by the Government on the very spot on which it was gathered, it would equally have had to be carried to the distressed districts. Exportation affects, if it affects anything, the amount of rice at the disposal of the Government, and so long as that is adequate to the demand, the consumer is in no way injured. If it should turn out that the Government have not bought enough rice, no amount of censure will be too great for their deserts. But even in that case they will be to blame, not for omitting to prohibit exportation, but for omitting to make sufficiently large purchases. Prohibition of exportation would have made no difference in the difficulty of transport.

Even the fact that the transport system has broken down must be accepted with considerable qualifications. Probably it would be more accurate to say that it has not been found possible to overcome all the difficulties against which it has all along been foreseen that it would have to struggle. No foresight or calculation can be sure of overcoming natural obstacles. There is one point, however, as regards the Government purchases on which it would be well to have further explanation. The VICEROY has apparently thought it better to import Burmese rice rather than buy the native rice which passed through Calcutta to the Mauritius and elsewhere; and it is to be supposed that this has been done because the Burmese rice is the cheaper. Certainly a Government is not bound to supply its starving subjects with the precise sort of food they like best. It is enough if it gives them a kind of food which they can eat without injury to health. It is alleged, however, that the Burmese rice does not answer even to this latter requirement, inasmuch as, in persons not accustomed to live on it it tends to produce disease. This is a matter on which Lord NORTHBROOK could scarcely have been left without the advice of experts, and if, as is probable, the statement is either greatly exaggerated or altogether untrue, it cannot be too soon contradicted. Upon all points, indeed, connected with the famine, the India Office would do well to consider whether any harm could come of greater communicativeness. We are quite alive to the hindrances which the existence of the telegraph puts in the way of frankness; but these hindrances apply to the details of measures about to be taken rather than to explanations of policy. No harm could have been done, for example, by stating in full the reasons against the prohibition of exportation, or the rules for the application of the labour test, or the reasons for buying Burmese rice, or the machinery for conveying supplies to remote districts. Yet, if the policy of the Indian Government on all these heads had been explained and defended, much unjust criticism and sensational description might have been anticipated. Secrecy has many advantages when it can be really maintained. But secrecy which extends only to the Government and cannot be imposed on persons outside the Government usually does more harm than good. The Bengal famine is becoming a matter of such popular interest that a certain part of newspaper space is sure to be devoted to it. In that space the narratives of actual witnesses or responsible politicians should at all events be found side by side with the conjectures or predictions of irresponsible correspondents.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

IF Mr. GLADSTONE had not been in a hurry, he would have met Parliament on Thursday, the 5th of February, with the news which arrived on that day of the successful termination of the Ashantee war. It is a well-known and intelligible fact that good luck of any kind confers a certain amount of popularity on the Government of the day; and the Ministers have had much more than a casual share in the accomplishment of the Ashantee campaign. Mr. CAEDWELL may in the first instance claim the merit of having selected one of the most competent officers in the army as Commander-in-Chief; and he has since, with prudent liberality, spared no care or expense in providing the material conditions of victory. As might have been expected, the MINISTER OF WAR and his advisers have made one or two mistakes, such as the preparation of a railway which was afterwards abandoned as useless or impracticable; but an error of superfluity is far less mischievous than unreasonable parsimony in the supply of stores or of munitions of war. Military administration, in common with other useful arts, has made great advance on the practice of former times. The negligence and indifference of English Governments in the great French war have now become almost incredible. The Duke of YORK was employed to command the English army in the Netherlands against the best generals of the Republic; and some years afterwards Lord CHATHAM, notwithstanding his notorious indolence and incapacity, was allowed to incur the inevitable disaster of Walcheren. A Minister who in the present day should address to a general on active service such a letter as Mr. PERCEVAL wrote in 1816 to Lord WELLINGTON would be driven from office by universal indignation. It is not known whether Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has been fully satisfied with the

measures which have been adopted by the War Office for his aid and support; but it may be safely assumed that, with the exception of Lord NAHER in the Abyssinian expedition, no English General has been more amply provided than Sir GARNET WOLSELEY with all things necessary to success. It was more economical as well as safer to exceed the expense which would have been strictly necessary than to stint the military and sanitary arrangements. If the Ashantees had not been reduced to submission during the comparatively cool season, it might perhaps have been necessary to renew the enterprise on a larger scale in the course of next winter.

If Mr. DISRAELI had foreseen a fortnight ago the triumph which he has obtained for reasons wholly unconnected with West African affairs, he would probably not have indulged in unfounded attacks on the Government for its conduct in the Ashantee war. No charge could be more idle than the complaint that a war had been undertaken without the assent of Parliament. If a quarrel with France, with Germany, or with Russia were unfortunately to occur, it would be highly proper to consult Parliament in a crisis which would involve the gravest political and financial issues; but the Ministers who are responsible for the safety and honour of a vast Empire are not bound to wait for specific instructions whether they shall repel a barbarous assailant of an outlying possession. There might have been a pretext for summoning Parliament in the autumn if it had been necessary to provide by new taxes or loans for the expense of the campaign; but as the whole cost will be met by the surplus revenue of the current year, it was wholly unnecessary to obtain the authority of the House of Commons for the simple operation of drawing a check. The Ministers were entitled to assume that Parliament would neither submit tamely to Ashantee aggression nor grudge the outlay which might be necessary for the equipment of a warlike force, and for the provision of adequate supplies. The plan of the campaign in no way belonged to Parliamentary cognizance; and the House of Commons would have assuredly declined, even if an opportunity had been offered, to interfere in military arrangements. Any attacks on the Government founded on the Dutch Treaty of 1872 would have been irrelevant and unprofitable. Even if the transfer of the Dutch possessions had anything to do with the Ashantee invasion, Parliament had by assent or by passive acquiescence taken upon itself the responsibility of an arrangement which had never been censured nor even questioned. It was at least evident that it was unnecessary to anticipate the ordinary time of the Parliamentary Session for the mere purpose of inviting retrospective criticism. Even if the policy of the Dutch Treaty deserved condemnation, it was still indispensable to punish the Ashantee invaders, and to assert the superiority of English arms. Mr. DISRAELI's conventional indignation will in present circumstances rapidly subside.

The next despatches of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY will be expected with much interest. It is generally believed that he intended to enter Coomassie for the purpose of satisfying the Ashantees of his superior force; but the published statement of the submission of the enemy contains no account of his ulterior plans. It is possible that the Government may have received fuller explanations; but probably Sir GARNET WOLSELEY may not have wished to hamper his own discretion by pledging himself to any definite course of action. It must undoubtedly be his wish to finish the campaign at the earliest time which may be found compatible with the accomplishment of his principal object. The Ashantees are probably fully aware that the English troops must be withdrawn during the early spring; and it is well that the rapidity of the advance has compelled them to form an immediate decision. The details of the expedition are still imperfectly known. Early in January the force for which it was found possible to provide carriage had reached and crossed the Prah without opposition; but the General was obliged to leave some of the troops on board ship, because the native carriers had deserted. It seems to be the destiny of the Fantees to be either extirpated by their warlike neighbours, or, more probably, to become their subjects and slaves. After their incapacity or unwillingness to fight had been fully ascertained, it was supposed that they might be inclined to make themselves useful as followers of the army. It has since been found necessary to dispense altogether with their assistance, nor is it certain that the less cowardly tribes to the East have taken any useful part in the campaign. Captain GLOVER

and his levies on the Volta are not mentioned in the recent despatches, and according to some previous reports these auxiliaries had refused to follow their leader into the Ashantee territory. It is not improbable that the unopposed march of the English force to the outskirts of the capital may have at last inspired the native allies with some degree of courage. In those regions it is perhaps a startling discovery that the Ashantees are not invincible, and many provocations would make the opportunity of safe revenge highly attractive. A victory in the field would be even more impressive than an unopposed occupation of the capital; but it may be inferred from the terms of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S despatch that he anticipated no further hostilities.

The Government which may be in office when the war is ended will have some difficulty in deciding on the policy to be henceforth adopted on the Gold Coast. The Protectorate which has long had a partial and ambiguous existence will not be deliberately extended; nor will the most enthusiastic of Governors trouble himself with the establishment of a Federal Constitution among the helpless and worthless Fantees. The abandonment of the English possessions on the coast, including the recent acquisitions from the Dutch, will not be seriously proposed. The English traders will scarcely be prepared to undertake, as on a former occasion, the government of the settlements; and the entire annihilation of English commerce on the Gold Coast would be a strange result of a costly and successful campaign. Probably the most convenient and most prudent course will be to retain the forts on the coast, with garrisons sufficiently strong to repel or to deter Ashantee aggression. It would cost comparatively little to maintain one or two coloured regiments, and to provide them with weapons and artillery which would insure their superiority over native enemies. Notwithstanding the suspicions and complaints of the Ashantees, it has always been the policy of England to facilitate their commercial intercourse with the coast; and it is possible that the development of a profitable trade might gradually modify their warlike propensities. Any advantage which may directly or indirectly result from an unwelcome and troublesome enterprise will be fully appreciated; but the war itself was undertaken not as a speculation, but by absolute necessity. It was impossible to allow the Ashantees to brave the English power with impunity. The cost of punishing them was not a local investment, but a part of the working expenses of the Empire. It is fortunately not likely that the transactions on the Gold Coast will now become the subject of party attack or recrimination. The Opposition either before or after their impending accession to power will share the official instinct of avoiding unnecessary discussion in Parliament; nor is there any longer a sufficient motive for finding fault with the policy of a moribund Ministry. The future Secretary for War will not be eager to establish a precedent for severe criticism of the details of military administration.

FRANCE.

A NAME has at length been found for the anomalous Government which now exists in France. It is the "Septennate." French shrewdness has fixed upon the most certain element of Marshal MACMAHON'S rule. It cannot be called a dictatorship, for the Legislature, or a Minister possessing the confidence of the Legislature, is the real sovereign. Its claim to be a Republic is vehemently denied by a large part of the Assembly, and is only feebly maintained by the Executive. It is not a Provisional Government, for a Committee is now engaged in constructing a permanent Constitution. But there is one thing about it which, if not certain, is at any rate more certain than anything else. The fact that it is to last for seven years has been proclaimed by Marshal MACMAHON himself, and may be taken as accepted by the majority of Frenchmen. The Republican party would probably be glad to be assured that nothing worse is in store for them. The moderate Royalists may be supposed to see that, there being no immediate chance of a Restoration, they cannot hope to get a Government of a less decided shade of Republicanism than the present. The agricultural and commercial classes have no love for the Duke of BROGLIE, whom, rightly or wrongly, they identify with the monarchical intrigues of the autumn, but their dislike goes no farther than the Marshal's Minister. The only section which is actively hostile to the existing order

of things is the Extreme Right, and though the distribution of parties in the Assembly gives this section an accidental importance in a division, it has no following in the country. To all appearance the Legitimists are quite aware of their real weakness. They are constantly threatening to break up the majority, and constantly proving untrue to their own threats when an occasion for carrying them out arises.

They have just made another addition to the already long list of these retreats at the last moment. Marshal MACMAHON has been paying a visit to the Tribunal of Commerce at Paris, and has taken the opportunity to make a reassuring speech. Some new buildings are to be begun, the repairs of the Louvre are to be pushed on, and the forts round Paris are to be reconstructed. In these ways a good deal of employment will be provided for the workmen, and one cause of the present distress removed. In so far as this distress proceeds from political uncertainty Marshal MACMAHON declares that it has no longer any real foundation. On the 19th of November the Assembly entrusted him with the Executive power for seven years, and during that time and in the actual state of things he will take care that its decisions are respected. The Extreme Right had till then been declaring that nothing should induce them to support the Government in the coming debate on M. GAMBETTA'S interpellation; but as soon as the Marshal had thus put down his foot, they began to look about them to see how they could best retire from the position they had taken up of their own choice. The only thing they cared for was to find a decent bridge, and for this purpose they went to the Duke of BROGLIE. They could not, they seem to have said, recognize the existing order of things as destined to last for seven years. The Assembly might decree the restoration of HENRY V. in the course of the approaching debates on the constitutional laws, and, if the Marshal's words were meant to guard against this possibility, there could be no peace between the Legitimists and the Government. Probably, if the Duke of BROGLIE had set any store by the precise words which the Marshal had used, the Extreme Right would have looked out for some other point on which he might be more pliable. But as he was not wedded to any particular phrase, it was not difficult to invent one which should soothe these factitious sensibilities. In the report of his speech which appeared after some delay in the *Journal Officiel* the Marshal was made to say that during the next seven years he would make all men respect "the legally established order of things." Between the existing order of things and the legally established order of things there is enough difference to satisfy Legitimist scruples. What this difference precisely is, it is not so easy to say. At present the two are identical. The authority of Marshal MACMAHON as President of the Republic is both existing and legally established. It is conceivable that it might cease to be legally established, and yet continue to exist, but this is not the objection which the Legitimists entertain towards the original phrase. They can have no fear of Marshal MACMAHON repudiating the authority of the Assembly and maintaining his place in the Government by force of arms. On the other hand they can hardly look forward to a combination of circumstances in which Marshal MACMAHON'S authority will be legally established, and at the same time not be in existence, because this would imply an intention on their part to effect a Restoration against the will of the Assembly, of which it is fair to say that there is at present no trace in their plans. What they must be supposed to mean therefore is that, if the Assembly at any time during the next seven years passes a law to place the Count of CHAMBORD on the throne, it is this legally established order of things, not the now existing order of things, that they will be bound to support. It does not seem to have occurred to them that there was no need to prefix "new" to the words "existing order of things" any more than to the words "order of things legally established." No one denies that the Assembly which made Marshal MACMAHON President for seven years can decree some other form of Government which shall override his by virtue of its more recent creation. The Septennate would then cease to be the legally established order of things; and in this possibility the Legitimists may foresee a remote possibility of a Restoration. But under these circumstances the Septennate would equally cease to be "the existing order of things." The secret hopes of a party which can find satisfaction in such quibbles must be near akin to secret despair. Whether the concession of this change of formula

will ensure the majority against the loss of any of its members when the division on M. GAMBETTA'S interpellation is taken remains of course uncertain. The attitude of the Extreme Right towards the Government varies from day to day with their estimate of the Count of CHAMBORD'S ultimate chances, and of the nearness of a dissolution. When they can persuade themselves that there is a long lease of Parliamentary life still before them, they can afford to show some independence. The mere thought of an appeal to the electors is usually enough to impress them with the paramount importance of supporting the only "Government of honest men" which there is much likelihood of their getting in the present temper of France.

The elections of Sunday last supplied an interruption to the usual tale of Republican successes. In the Pas de Calais the Conservative candidate has been returned. The event does not, however, give much cause for Conservative exultation. It is not a gain of a seat; the Republican minority is much larger than at the last election; and the successful candidate is a declared Bonapartist. As regards this last point, it becomes more and more evident that, if the Conservatives wish to prevent the establishment of the Republic, they must not be too particular as to the quality of their allies. In spite of the war, so many recollections of past prosperity are associated with the name of NAPOLEON III. that Imperialism continues to command a considerable number of supporters, and the general suppression of Republican Mayors which is now going on tends to make this section of the population additionally important. It would not answer the Duke of BROGLIE'S purpose to appoint men who have neither official experience nor local influence, and where no large proprietor can be found to undertake the office, an ex-Mayor under the Empire is usually the only person who possesses the alternative requirement. At present it matters little what particular shade of Conservatism the Mayor represents, but when the PRINCE IMPERIAL is a candidate for the Throne—and sooner or later, unless the Republic can get firmly seated in the interval, he is sure to be a candidate—it will matter a great deal. By that time the electors may have grown accustomed to voting as the Mayor bids them, and when the habit is once formed, they may go on doing so even when the Duke of BROGLIE'S representative no longer represents the Duke of BROGLIE.

MISSING MEMBERS.

AFTER the battle the roll has to be called, and there is a melancholy list of missing combatants. The sympathy of the public is requested on behalf of some two hundred gentlemen who were members of the late House of Commons at the moment of the dissolution, but who will be looked for in vain in the new Parliament which has just been elected. Of these, it is true, a certain number—health, purse, or courage failing them—fairly ran away at the beginning of the conflict. The rest have fallen on the field, and happily it is one on which they may live to fight another day. It will be rather a dull House without Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE'S rattling and impartial humour; nor has there been such an accession of wisdom on the part of the new members as to compensate for the loss of Professor FAWCETT'S intellectual integrity and logical candour. There will also be wanting Mr. BOUVIER'S critical sincerity and extensive knowledge of the forms of Parliamentary business. Sir J. PAKINGTON has held so many high offices that he may almost be regarded as a compendium of the Cabinet; but his fairness and courtesy in debate will be at least as much missed in the House of Commons as his versatility in the Government. Familiar faces have disappeared from all sides of the House, but especially from the side which is occupied by Mr. GLADSTONE'S supporters. Five subordinate members of the Government—the LORD ADVOCATE, LORD ENFIELD, Mr. HIBBERT, Sir H. STOKES, and Mr. AYRTON—have lost their seats. Several of those tiresome members who may be said to have sat not so much for particular places as for crotchets and agitations will return no more—at least for the present. The Liberation Society has lost its leader, and oppressed woman her champion; and the House of Commons will probably be spared some of the annual motions under which it has had to suffer so long. Of the two members for the TICHBORNE Claimant, one has been taken and the other left; and the POPE and the

Jesuits will still have to tremble at the thought that Mr. WHALLEY is watching them from the House of Commons. The Turf—a silent interest—will no longer be represented by a pair of its most honourable supporters, Mr. MERRY and the late Baron MEYER ROTHSCHILD. On the whole, looking generally to the personal character and circumstances of the members, apart from their politics, it cannot be said that the complexion of the new House will be very different from that of the old one. It will be essentially an assembly of safe men, and probably a shade older, balder, and, if put in the scales, a few stones heavier, than its predecessor. It may also be expected to be rather less fussy, discursive, and loquacious, and less given to turning itself into a priggish debating club. A considerable number of the members may be trusted to vote better than they can speak, and to support the Constitution by a noble reticence; and this is so far hopeful for public business. It is quite clear that the administration of the country would soon have been brought to a standstill if the flow of talk had gone on increasing year by year as it did during the existence of the late Parliament. There was an old Scotch judge who used to stigmatize any prolix advocate who took up too much of his time as "the harangue," and there was certainly an intolerable proportion of the "harangue" element in the late Parliament. The removal of Mr. MACFIE will in itself be an important step towards the solution of the Irish Home Rule difficulty, for the hours and days which that interminable talker wasted in a Session would alone be almost enough to enable the House of Commons to pay proper attention to any Irish business that deserved it.

It may be thought that the rejected members who are most to be pitied are the unfortunate gentlemen who were elected at great expense during the recess, and who have had only the barren enjoyment of a nominal distinction. Colonel CAMPBELL'S election expenses in Renfrewshire, for example, came to some 10,000*l.*; and 10,000*l.* is a good deal to pay for the prospective satisfaction of sitting in a Parliament which is dissolved before you have a chance of taking your seat. It is impossible not to sympathize with gentlemen in this position, who have borne the heat and burden of the day, and who, just as they are about to enjoy their reward, are thrust aside in a scuffle at the door. We suspect, however, that those who are after all most deserving of compassion are not the candidates who have never known the delight of taking part in the government of the country by sitting with their hats on in the House of Commons, or drinking tea in the Members' Tea-room, but rather the rejected members who had been in the House long enough to get used to its ways, and to adopt its habits and associations as part of their second nature. It is difficult perhaps for any one who has never been in the House to understand its fascinations. Why should all these wealthy, middle-aged men, who might be so comfortable at home, go mad about getting into Parliament? It cannot be for the sake of speaking, for after all only a comparatively small proportion of the members ever do speak. Still less can it be for the sake of listening to speeches by other men, for anybody who cared very much about that dismal privilege could surely contrive to get admission as a stranger often enough to gratify any natural appetite in that direction. It cannot be from a desire for patronage, for that has been cut down to the chance of a nomination which merely admits to a competitive examination, and this is not a boon which is very highly prized by constituents. Where then is the charm? It lies partly, we suppose, in the social pleasantness of the House, which has been often and justly described as the most agreeable club in London. It is not those public utterances which reach the public only a very little while after the members themselves, but the private talk, the gossip, the familiar conversation of the smoking-room and lobbies, which takes such a hold on those who have once become accustomed to it. The members are very much thrown together, and there is a good deal of personal friendship and intimacy, irrespective of party views. A man of business learns first in the House many things which it much concerns him to know, and whatever of interest is going on in the world outside is sure to be more or less represented within. The majority of members are certainly not very clever or very important in any way, but there are enough clever and important people in the House to give it an air of distinction, and to make a small commonplace person feel that something of a reflected glory has been shed on him by rubbing shoulders with bigger men, and having an

opportunity of exchanging a word with them. And then above all there is the sense of being in close connexion with the actual machinery of Government, and of having the power to give a shove, however feeble, to the great wheel of State affairs as it goes round. Whatever may be the reason, it is at least certain that there is no man so miserable and dejected as one who has lost a seat in the House after having been a member for a number of years. It is enough to frighten a candidate from trying for a seat at all to think of the wretchedness he is preparing for himself if he happens afterwards to lose it. A more melancholy sight can hardly be imagined than rejected members—with the air of ghosts rather than men—haunting the lobby and peering in at the doors through which they had once the right to pass, but which are now barred to them.

Great allowance must be made for the feelings of gentlemen in this painful position, and it may be admitted that it is not always easy to take a graceful leave of a constituency which has just kicked you out in a very ungracious manner. Mr. AYRTON, however, is equal to the occasion. He has returned thanks to the electors who voted for him, and nothing can be more characteristic than his thanks. There is a certain sense of æsthetic satisfaction—and it is probably the only æsthetic satisfaction to which the ex-edile ever ministered—in finding that his career has been consistent to its close, and that even at the last he has not deviated into any of the conventional civilities of common men. Mr. AYRTON, when in office, boasted that he had “abolished letters,” and his letter to his constituents is as curt and brief as a mercantile memorandum. It consists, in fact, of only a couple of lines. Mr. AYRTON thanks his supporters, but without stooping to the weak formality of calling them “gentlemen”—an idle word, which is banished from the vocabulary of unsophisticated honesty. He adds that he is sorry the borough should have taken so little interest in politics, and should have forfeited “its political importance”—that is himself. In a previous speech Mr. AYRTON appears to have assumed that his unpopularity was due to his having devoted himself to public business rather than to private affairs; but the circumstance is capable of a different interpretation. His promotion to the Board of Works was, in fact, a flagrant example of that arrogant and wilful temper which has contributed so much to the present humiliation of the Government. It is impossible to imagine a more wanton disregard of public interests, or of the higher motives by which the distribution of responsibility should be dictated, than the way in which a man who not only knew nothing of art and science, but who boastfully paraded his contempt for all such things, was turned loose among artists, architects, and men of science to sneer, and browbeat, and trample on them at pleasure. The insolence of office was never more painfully or mischievously displayed than in Mr. GLADSTONE’S appointment of Mr. AYRTON and in Mr. AYRTON’S exercise of his authority. The startling rumour that, after all that has happened, the unfortunate people at the India Office are to have Mr. AYRTON’S cynical savagery imposed on them for life, must be dismissed as altogether incredible. Even Mr. GLADSTONE is scarcely capable of that.

LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

EVERYBODY is aware of the fact that no good story was ever told for the first time. The nursery stories which delight our infancy have a pedigree dating back to some remote mythology, and the anecdotes which circulate at a modern dinner-table have perhaps in some earlier form set primeval savages in a roar. We heard the other day an American story with the usual flavour of profanity about a trapper in difficulties with a bear, who prayed that, if divine aid were not granted to him, it might at least not be granted to his antagonist. Soon afterwards we encountered the same sentiment attributed to a Prussian general in Mr. Carlyle’s *Life of Frederick*. Another instance of this familiar process may be given from a deservedly popular anecdote. Pope tells the story of the gourmand who is given over by his doctor after a surfeit upon salmon; whereupon

“Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul!
Is there no hope? Alas! then bring the jowl.”

This is directly copied from La Fontaine; but, according to Warton, is ultimately derived from an anecdote in Athenæus. The same point reappears with a characteristic modification in a story told by Beauclerk to Johnson. The chief difference is that “battered muffins” have taken the place of the salmon. A “Mr. —,” having resolved to shoot himself, eats three battered muffins for breakfast, knowing that he cannot be troubled with indigestion, and then blows his brains out. Everybody remembers

the impression which this anecdote made upon Mr. Pickwick when amplified and told with due attention to dramatic effect by Sam Weller. Whether the “Mr. —” had ever a real existence may be disputed. If he had, the story illustrates the uniformity of human nature instead of the vitality of an amusing anecdote in various incarnations.

A similar difficulty suggests itself in regard to many of those pointed sayings of which we cannot say whether two clever men have hit upon the same thought, or one has received it from the other and published it afresh. Take, for example, the well-known saying about the use of language which has been connected with Talleyrand. It belongs to a familiar class of witticisms which are formed by the inversion of truisms. The saying *credo quia impossibile*, or the statements that extremes meet, that the half is greater than the whole, that a man was fitted for a post and yet was appointed, that gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come, and so on, are other specimens of the successful application of a device which we commend to the consideration of anybody who wishes to take out a patent for making smart sayings by machinery. It is natural enough that many clever men should have tried the effect of inverting the obvious truth about the use of language. Three well-known masters of English epigram have certainly approximated very closely to this most popular of witticisms. South gives it as a characteristic precept of the wisdom of this world that “speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men, whereby to conceal it.” Young, in the second satire in the *Love of Fame*, speaks of the masquerade of court and town:—

Where nature’s end of language is declined
And men talk only to conceal the mind.

Characteristically enough he addresses Chesterfield in the same passage as an instance, not of the rule, but of the exception; otherwise one might have thought that the author of the *Letters* would be an excellent godfather for the saying. Goldsmith, in the *Bee*, works out the same antithesis very carefully, first quoting the general principle of grammarians, and then adding that, in the opinion of men who know the world, the true use of speech is not to express our wants, but to conceal them. We need not speculate upon the degree in which one of these passages may have directly suggested another; or how the full-blown saying, from which each of them more or less differs, came to be associated with the name of Talleyrand. We may remark parenthetically that another well-known phrase, which has been given to Napoleon, appears to be of native origin. Dean Tucker, in one of his tracts upon the American war, calls the English a “shopkeeping nation;” whilst the remark about there being but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is to be found in Tom Paine.

The cause of the failure of South, Young, and Goldsmith to establish a claim to the saying about the use of language is apparently that a certain modesty prevented them from laying down the maxim with sufficient generality. A lurking desire to be more or less accurate has prevented many good things from obtaining entire success. A man who would be witty must not be too scrupulous. A maxim should claim to be the expression of an absolute and invariable law of nature, or it does not startle people sufficiently to fix itself on their memories. We may trace the growth of another familiar saying through a series of authors, and mark how it has improved by increased generality. “God Almighty first made a garden,” says Bacon in his sententious style. Cowley adds an antithesis, but makes the phrase too quaint to be successful:—

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

The remark is pointed enough, but it is now a mere conceit. Cowper has much the same thought, but softens the antithesis, and makes it a general statement instead of a Scriptural allusion:—

God made the country and man made the town,

Theologians might raise certain difficulties as to the orthodoxy of this statement; but it is a vigorous expression of sentiment, if not an accurate philosophical formula, and has therefore become part of the current coinage of popular quotation. The phrase reminds us of another saying, round which a good many writers have wandered, though it waited for one man of genius to establish its success. Our instance may again be taken from South, who wrote to Owen that “Commonwealths put a value upon men as well as money, and we are forced to take them both, not by weight, but according as they are pleased to stamp them, and at the current rate of the realm.” Wycherley uses the same illustration in the first scene of the *Plain-Dealer*. “I weigh the man,” he says, “not his title; ’tis not the King’s stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling which you bend every way, and abases the stamp he wears instead of being raised by it.” This coincides almost verbally with Burns’s familiar lines:—

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
A man’s a man for a’ that.

In this case borrowing is improbable; and the same may be said of many other cases in which obvious images are used by different writers. When Goethe says, in the character of Werther, that it is now autumn in him as well as around him, that his leaves are turning yellow, and that the leaves of the neighbouring trees have fallen, there is no reason to suppose that he was thinking of the utterance of another great poet in a Wertherian mood:—

Such time of year in me you may behold,
When yellow leaves, or few, or none do hang,
Upon those boughs that shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

Here, indeed, the exquisite concluding line gives a charm not to be found in ordinary adaptations of the comparison. Poets have remarked the parallel between the sadness of autumn and of human nature too often for such coincidences to deserve much notice. We may, however, mention another case in which a poet may possibly have suggested a happy phrase to a prose-writer, where the thought is not quite so obvious, but where, on the other hand, the resemblance is not so close. Everybody remembers the splendid compliment which Steele pays to Lady Elizabeth Hastings in the *Tatler*, "To love her was a liberal education." In the *Faithful Friends* of Beaumont and Fletcher a gentleman says of a lady who has performed in a masque:—

She teaches in her dancing: 'tis indeed
A school to teach all we call liberal.

Steele's compliment is very superior, because much less strained; but there is a similarity in the phrase which may suggest the possibility of a hint having been taken.

Our modern poets would generally be too proud to borrow thoughts directly from a previous author. They are not, indeed, too proud to put on old clothes of mediæval or classical fashion; but they would consider themselves insulted if it were suggested that the substance was not their own, whatever may be the form. When we read in Mr. Tennyson's *Maud* the phrase—

Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day—

we do not suppose that he had even a faint recollection of a spirited passage in one of Dryden's translations from Horace:—

Be fair or foul or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed in spite of fate are mine;
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

In the reigns of the Georges, however, people were not so particular. The two greatest masters in the art of appropriation are Pope and Gray. There is scarcely a phrase in some of Gray's most beautiful poetry for which a precedent may not be produced from English or classical sources; and Pope's method, even when he was not avowedly translating, was to serve up all manner of scraps from old poets, and set them as gems carefully polished and mounted in the midst of his own verses. Any number of examples have been collected by the industry of commentators, and probably a good many more remain to be discovered. If the last editor of Pope had not been more anxious to confute his author's erroneous metaphysics and theology than to illustrate his methods, he might have given us a very curious study of a now rather obsolete method of literary workmanship. Pope's resemblances to other authors, varying from downright plagiarism to remote suggestion, have been noticed by Warton, Gibbon Wakefield, by the elder Disraeli in the *Curiosities of Literature*, and many of them are collected by Mr. Pattison in his recent edition. One or two may be mentioned. The translation of Hadrian's verses, called "The Dying Christian to his Soul," which Pope declared to be "just warm from the brain," and to have occurred to him when he waked in the morning, was imitated, if not stolen, from Flatman. The celebrated lamb in the *Essay on Man* who "licks the hand just raised to shed his blood," was apparently suggested by a lamb in Dr. King's *Milly of Mounton*, where it is observed that

A gentle lamb has rhetoric to plead,
And when she sees the butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice entreats him not to make her bleed.

Oldham calls Butler "the glory and the scandal of the age"; and Pope describes Erasmus as—

That great injured name,
The glory of the priesthood and the shame.

Another still familiar phrase, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," comes straight from Boileau—

Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.

In other translations, such as a passage ending—

Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece—

not only the words, but the French sound of the final syllable, has been retained. But to these parallels there is no end; and it need only be said that in most cases the source is so obvious that there could be no intention of concealment. Gray, a more learned poet, applied the same method as systematically; and the only question is whether the words of his predecessor were unconsciously ringing in his ear or were deliberately appropriated. The familiar stanza, for example, which tells us that

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air—

has so many parallels that the only difficulty is in selection. Pope, for example, speaks in the *Rape of the Lock* of

Roses that in deserts bloom and die.

Shenstone in the same strain talks about the "desert's lily," and Young says of nature:—

In distant wilds by human eye unseen
She rears her flowers and spreads her velvet green;
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace
And waste their sweetness on the savage race.

Waller has the same thought, and for other parallel passages to the same stanza Gray's editor quotes Bishop Hall, Chamberlayne, Shakspeare, Pindar, and various fragments of Greek poetry. It would be useless to inquire which of these passages or how many

of them may have been present to Gray's mind. The pedigree of many other of his most striking expressions, such as the line

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,

which comes almost direct from *Julius Cæsar*, may be traced with equal ease; though it is rather difficult to follow Disraeli's conclusion that the *Bard* was suggested by Hudibras because Butler describes his hero's beard as a "hairy meteor," whilst Gray makes the beard and hoary hair of his bard

Stream like a meteor to the troubled air.

In Gray the receptive faculty was developed out of all proportion to the productive; and it was only natural that the expression of a mind so richly stored and so sparing in utterance should be deeply coloured by the food on which it fed. In Pope's case the process of appropriation was more conscious. Perhaps, however, it is worth while considering whether the method deserves to be entirely abandoned. When it is carried to the excess of making English, like modern Latin poetry, a mere cento of carefully gathered phrases, it is certainly incompatible with the spontaneity which is essential to poetry of a high order. On the other hand, we are too apt to forget the value of thorough finish; and we fail to admit that the chief credit is often less due to the man who hit upon the rough lump of literary ore, than to the artist who succeeded in so fashioning the crude material as to give it currency in general usage. It is the last touches which are really the most difficult and the most essential, and it is just those touches which modern authors are generally too impatient to bestow.

STRAUSS.

THE announcement in last Tuesday's telegrams of the death of David Frederick Strauss will hardly have passed unnoticed even amidst the excitement of a general election. To those Englishmen even who take no interest in theology, or who regard German speculation—as it has been somewhere expressed—as "a vast Hercynian forest out of which Bunsens and other monsters occasionally emerge," his name at least will be familiar. He has long been looked upon as the chief living representative of the rationalist or sceptical school of theology, and in this sense his latest work, *Der Alte und der Neue Glaube*, was made the text of an address delivered last year by Mr. Gladstone at Liverpool College, which provoked a good deal of comment at the time. Nor is such an estimate of his position altogether an unreasonable one. Other writers of kindred tendencies may have shown, like Baur, a more balanced judgment and a firmer argumentative grasp of their subject, or, like Renan, may have attracted, even in Germany, a wider circle of readers than Strauss. The phrase so often applied as a mere idle conventionalism has its full meaning here. It is perfectly true to say that the appearance of the first *Leben Jesu* in 1835, when the author was only twenty-seven years of age, "constituted an epoch" in theological literature and thought in Germany. His success as a writer is no doubt due in some measure to that transparent lucidity of style in which he contrasts so remarkably with the great majority of his countrymen of whatever school, and which has been not inaptly compared to Döllinger's. But in the rival champions of faith and unbelief that very clearness of language is mainly due to the clearness of thought which distinguishes them from too many of their contemporaries; they know exactly what they mean, and therefore know how to say it. A similar remark might be applied to the late J. S. Mill, whose conclusions in religious matters indeed do not materially differ from those of Strauss, though they were arrived at by a very different process. Before however we can adequately appreciate Strauss's place in the history of modern thought, it will be necessary to glance at the antecedent and contemporary state of theological speculation in Europe, and especially in his own country. Meanwhile the main incidents of his uneventful life may be dismissed in a few words. Born in 1808 at Ludwigsburg and educated for the Protestant ministry, he is described by Quinet as "a young man full of candour, sweetness, and modesty, of a spirit almost mystical, and saddened, as it were, by the disturbances which had been caused." After completing his university studies, he went in 1831 to Berlin to hear Schleiermacher lecture on the Life of Christ, and returned to Tübingen, where he had already become acquainted with Baur, as a *privatdocent* in the Protestant Faculty of Theology. The appearance of the *Leben Jesu* led to his dismissal in 1835; but four years afterwards a theological chair was offered him by the Government at Zurich, from which he was driven by an armed insurrection of the orthodox Protestant party, and thenceforth he devoted himself to a literary career, hardly interrupted by his election in 1848 to a seat in the Diet of Würtemberg which the unpopularity of his strong political Conservatism led him soon afterwards to resign. It may be observed in passing that this union of the most revolutionary theories in philosophy and theology with a rigid bureaucratic Toryism—reminding one in some ways of the *ἀνταρξία* theory of the Stoics—is a very common phenomenon among advanced thinkers in Germany; it was disagreeably exemplified in Göthe. The *Leben Jesu* was followed in 1840 by a work on Christian Doctrine in relation to Modern Science, in which the pantheistic views which the author had learnt from Hegel are more fully developed. In 1847 appeared *Julian the Apostate*, and in 1858 a Life of Ulrich von Hutten, the author of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. These are minor works, but the second

Leben Jesu für das deutsche Volk bearbeitet and the *Der Alte und Neue Glaube* in 1872 complete the theological trilogy, so to call it, by which Strauss will be permanently remembered.

It is so much the fashion to regard Germany as the fountain-head of modern Rationalism that many persons may be surprised to learn, what is undoubtedly the fact, and is expressly acknowledged by Strauss in his latest work—that the sceptical movement really took its rise in England, and passed thence into France, and from England and France into Germany. “To England’s share fell the first assault and the forging of the weapons, the work of the Free-thinkers or Deists; Frenchmen brought these weapons across the Channel and wielded them briskly and adroitly in constant light skirmishing, while in Germany one man chiefly undertook the regular investment of the Zion of orthodoxy. Voltaire on one side, Reimarus on the other, typified the character of their respective nations.” The English Deistic school, of which Lord Herbert of Chesham and Hobbes may be called the founders, and which culminated in the teaching of Tindal and Chubb, was coloured in its later development by the reflex influence of the French sceptical writers who had received their first inspirations from this country; it became less serious and more aggressive, and the sneering tone of Voltaire and Diderot is reproduced in Gibbon and Tom Paine. Far different, as a rule, is the temper of German rationalism. But in the first half of the eighteenth century the philosophical speculations of Wolff combined with the introduction of English Deism through translations of Tindal and other writers and the influence of French infidel refugees at the court of Frederick II.—himself something beyond a Deist—to stir the sluggish waters of traditional Lutheran orthodoxy. Between that time and 1835 we may trace first a destructive and then a reconstructive period in German Protestant theology. The destructive criticism was begun by Semler, a Professor at Halle, who meant however to be an apologist, but remodelled the Canon of Scripture on *a priori* grounds, and first introduced the distinction, of which Baur and others have so largely availed themselves since, between St. Peter and St. Paul as leaders of two opposite parties in the Early Church. Lessing, of whom Strauss is reported to have left an unfinished biography, though perhaps himself rather a doubter than a Deist, gave a powerful impulse to the same movement by the publication of the *Wolfenbüttel Fragments* of Reimarus. The rationalistic criticism of Semler was continued by Eichorn and Paulus, who eliminated the supernatural element from Scripture altogether, while maintaining its historical accuracy. The miraculous portions of the narrative were not denied but explained away. Thus *e.g.* the healing of the sick was effected by natural means or by a kind of magnetic influence on their minds, the multiplication of the loaves by a secret supply, walking on the water meant walking on the bank beside it, and the Resurrection itself was only a way of recording the fact that the Saviour had never really died on the Cross. The critical and moral difficulties of this method of interpretation have been by no one more mercilessly exposed than by Strauss himself; but it was popular for a time, and was applied to Christian doctrine by writers like Bretschneider, Röhr, and Wegscheider. The philosophical teaching of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel tended of course in the same direction, though they came into less immediate contact with the theological controversies of the day. It was only natural that a reactionary movement should be provoked, and it was equally natural in a country of mixed religions like Germany that it should assume a double form. On the one hand there commenced with the present century a Catholic reaction, of which Count Stolberg, Frederick and Augustus Schlegel, Tieck and Novalis are leading representatives, though only the first two actually joined the Roman Catholic Church. On the other hand Schleiermacher, who was, as we have seen, one of Strauss’s earliest teachers, attempted in his *Glaubenslehre* to find a basis for orthodox belief, or rather orthodox sentiment, by founding it on the collective Christian consciousness; but in fact, as Strauss has pointed out, he gave up the genuineness of the Gospels, the divinity of Christ, and the reality of prayer, which for him had a purely subjective value. His treatment of the New Testament miracles differs in form rather than in substance from that of Paulus. Religion became in his hands a matter of devout emotion, independent of history and dogma, and he created a spirit rather than founded a school. De Wette and Ewald, and still more of course Neander—whose *Life of Christ* was expressly designed as an answer to Strauss—returned more nearly to the Evangelical standard of orthodoxy; while the advanced Lutheran school represented by Hengstenberg, Hävernick, and Stahl—which was partly a reaction from the enforced fusion of the Lutheran and Calvinist Churches in 1817—may even be said to have some analogy to the Tractarian movement in England. Thus we are brought to the appearance in 1835 of the first *Leben Jesu*, which was a protest, addressed, as the author was careful to explain, not to the general public but to scholars, at once against the rationalism of Paulus and the mysticism of Schleiermacher; not however a protest in the interests of orthodoxy.

The *Leben Jesu* may be divided into three parts, the first giving an introductory sketch of previous systems of Biblical criticism and the formation of the mythical theory, the second examining the Gospel narrative in detail, the third and concluding portion discussing its doctrinal significance. Towards the end, in a section on the “Christology of the Orthodox system,” which is shown to have its roots in the New Testament, the author describes in a strain of almost rapturous eloquence the idea of Christ “so full of blessing and elevation, encouragement and comfort,” which

prevailed in the early Church. There were abundant materials, he adds, in the New Testament for constructing the rule of faith eventually formulated in the so-called Apostles’ Creed; and the condemnation, as they arose, of the successive heresies, from the Ebionites to the Monothelites, which contradicted that faith, was fully justified. Nearly thirty years elapsed before the author published in 1864 his second *Leben Jesu*, addressed this time not to a learned but to a popular audience, as he rather oddly expresses it, “as Paul turned to the Gentiles, when the Jews rejected his Gospel.” But the two works differ in form, not in principle, and the preface to the latter contains a distinct affirmation of their essential identity. The “Christology of the Church” is still represented as the product of several “groups of myths,” of which twelve are enumerated; but the word must not be understood in the sense which Comparative Mythology, as treated by Professor Max Müller and Mr. G. W. Cox, has attached to it. The Gospel myths are not a poetical presentation of sunrise and sunset or other natural phenomena, but have grown up round a nucleus of historic fact. The personal existence of Christ, which was left uncertain in the earlier work, is now expressly affirmed—and here we trace the influence of the Tübingen school, which practically means of Baur, on the mind of Strauss; but he insists that there are few great men of whom so little is known, and that the religion which bears his name was created by St. Paul rather than by himself. “Little of his real history can now be certainly ascertained; what is certain is that the supernatural acts and events on which the faith of the Church has chiefly fastened never occurred at all.” It is true however that the divine wisdom was remarkably (*in ausgezeichneter Weise*) manifested in him, but his example can only be regarded as a partial and one-sided one, for, as it is elsewhere stated with much force against Keim—perhaps also with a view to Schleiermacher—so long as he is regarded as a mere man, he cannot be said to represent the perfect ideal of humanity. These views about the life and character of our Lord are repeated and dwelt upon in Strauss’s last work. The distinction between the old orthodox Christianity—which is again declared to have been the belief, and the natural belief, of the early Church—and the religion of the future is drawn out at length in the preface to the second *Leben Jesu*, and resolves itself into the substitution of a purely rationalistic and intellectual system for a faith resting on a professed revelation. And therefore the Church, whether Catholic or Protestant, must be superseded, for a supernatural religion with sacraments and means of grace necessarily implies a sacerdotal hierarchy, and the first step towards getting rid of the priesthood is to eliminate the supernatural element from religion. The author, while differing in important points from the *Vie de Jésus*, which had an enormous circulation in Germany through translations, hails Renan as a fellow-labourer in the same cause. His book opens with a long dedication to the memory of his brother, who died within a few months of its publication, and who is congratulated on his manly endurance of a long and painful illness without the fictitious aids of a supernatural belief. If there is little difference of view between the earlier and later versions of the *Leben Jesu*, the closing work of the series, which followed after an interval of eight years, does but sum up and expend in what is meant for a sort of literary testament, the conclusions previously arrived at. It is mainly an answer to two questions, “Are we still Christians?” and “Have we still a Religion?” And it is characteristic of the straightforward honesty and clearness of thought which those who differ from him most widely cannot fail to respect, that the author replies to his first question with an emphatic negative. There are those who talk of a Christianity purged of all Christian dogma, a Christianity in short which is sufficiently enlightened to dispense with Christ. But Strauss says in effect, what an admirer of his system has lately repeated in this country, “To proclaim an undogmatic Christianity is to proclaim that Christianity is dead.” As he himself puts it, “Christianity is a definite form of religion; it is possible to relinquish it and still to be religious, but not still to be Christians.” And accordingly, speaking for himself and those who agree with him, “If we would speak as honest upright men, we must acknowledge that we are no longer Christians.” He will have nothing to do with the ingenious devices of a subtle rationalism or a vague and inconsequent pietism, by which so many of his predecessors and contemporaries have sought to deceive both their followers and themselves, but says plainly that Christian theology must be replaced by “the modern kosmic conception educed painfully from scientific and historical research.” There is a quiet humour in the passage where he draws out in detail the supposed teaching of a Protestant pastor who has found himself obliged to explode one by one each successive article of the Apostles’ Creed, the first not excepted. For it is in fact a “mere Hebrew prejudice” to suppose that monotheism is necessarily superior to polytheism; both were but temporary stages in the gradual advance to a higher truth. The ideas of a personal God and a future life are now shown to be untenable, but we need not therefore acquiesce in the pessimism of Schopenhauer, which is “blasphemous, arrogant and profane,” or admit that we have no religion. On the contrary, “we claim the same piety for our Kosmos which the devout of old claimed for his God.” But of course the notion of religion acquires, on this hypothesis, a wholly new meaning. It will no longer produce a worship, though it will not fail, the author thinks, to exert a moral influence—an assumption which, except in the case of very peculiarly constituted natures, may well be questioned. It is to consist in dependence on the Kosmos, in other words, on the laws of

the material universe; and that, we are bidden to believe, is a far truer and nobler conception than the "low anthropopathism" of dependence on God.

This is not the place to examine the merits, religious or historical, of Strauss's theological system, if a system which ends in pure materialism is to be called by such a name. The praise of a fearless and consistent thinker, and a luminous expositor of the views he had deliberately adopted and held unflinchingly to the last, he may fairly claim. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his almost dying assertion, made, as he assures us, under a solemn sense of the duty of giving an account of his stewardship, that he fought through life for that which appeared to him as truth and against what appeared to him as untruth, while he disclaims all desire to shake the faith of those who have not already lost it. Strauss's originality of genius, we cannot but think, has sometimes been overrated. Apart from his negative criticism there is very little really new in the theories he advocates. He began and ended as a disciple of Hegel, though Hegelianism has no doubt been very variously interpreted; and we will not undertake to affirm, especially when we have no space left to discuss the question, that his interpretation of his master is the most correct, as it is certainly a very common one. His intellect was clear and critical rather than creative, and in historical grasp he was certainly inferior to Baur, to whom indeed he owed a good deal. But he has left his mark, whether for good or evil, on German theology; and for one important service at least all serious believers are indebted to him, however little they may sympathize with his barren and unhopeful creed. He has unmasked a host of shams, if he has put nothing better in their place, and has made the elaborate, however unconscious, subterfuges of such teachers as Semler, Schleiermacher, and Paulus for ever impossible in the future. In him, whatever be his faults, the advocates of revelation need fear no treacherous ally; he meets them with the downright challenge of an able, an honest, and an open foe.

THE DISCONTENTED WOMAN.

THE discontented woman would seem to be becoming an unpleasantly familiar type of character. A really contented woman, thoroughly well pleased with her duties and her destiny, may almost be said to be the exception rather than the rule in these days of tumultuous revolt from all fixed conditions, and vagrant energies searching for interest in new spheres of thought and action. It seems impossible to satisfy the discontented woman by any means short of changing the whole order of nature and society for her benefit. And even then the chances are that she would get wearied of her own work, and, like Alexander, weep for more worlds to rearrange according to her liking, with the power to take or to leave, as her humour might decide, the duties she had voluntarily assumed, as she claims now the power of discarding those which have been given her from the beginning. As things are, nothing contents her, and the keynote which shall put her in harmony with existing conditions, or make her ready to bear the disagreeable burdens which she has been obliged to carry from Eve's time downward, has yet to be found. If she is unmarried, she is discontented at the want of romance in her life; her main desire is to exchange her father's house for a home of her own; her pride is pained at the prospect of being left an old maid unsought by men, and her instincts rebel at the thought that she may never know maternity, the strongest desire of the average woman. But if she is married, the causes of her discontent are multiplied indefinitely, and where she was out of harmony with one circumstance she is now in discord with twenty. She is discontented on all sides; because her husband is not her lover, and marriage is not perpetual courtship; because he is so irritable that life with him is like walking among thorns if she makes the mistake of a hair's-breadth; or because he is so imperturbably good-natured that he maddens her with his stolidity, and cannot be made jealous even when she flirts before his eyes. Or she is discontented because she has so many household duties to perform, the dinner to order, the books to keep, the servants to manage; because she has not enough liberty, or because she has too much responsibility; because she has so few servants that she has to work with her own hands, or because she has so many that she is at her wit's end to find occupation for them all, not to speak of discipline and good management. As a mother, she is discontented at the loss of personal freedom compelled by her condition, at the physical annoyances and the mental anxieties included in the list of her nursery grievances. She would probably fret grievously if she had no children at all, but she frets quite as much when they come. In the former case she is humiliated, in the latter inconvenienced, and in both discontented. Indeed, the way in which so many women deliver up their children to the supreme control of hired nurses proves practically enough the depth of their discontent with maternity when they have it.

If the discontented woman is rich, she speaks despondingly of the difficulties included in the fit ordering of large means; if she is poor, life has no joys worth having when frequent change of scene is unattainable and the milliner's bill is a domestic calamity that has to be conscientiously curtailed. If she lives in London, she laments the want of freedom and fresh air for the children, and makes the unhappy father, toiling at his City office from ten till seven, feel himself responsible for the pale cheeks and attenuated legs which are

probably to be referred to injudicious diet and the frequency of juvenile dissipation. But if she is in the country, then all the charm of existence is centered in London and its thoroughfares, and not the finest scenery in the world is to be compared with the attractions of the shops in Regent Street or the crowds thronging Cheapside. This question of country living is one that presses heavily on many a female mind, but we must believe that, in spite of the plausible reasons so often assigned, the chief causes of discontent are want of employment and deadness of interest in the life that lies around. The husband makes himself happy with his rod and gun, with his garden or his books, with the hunt or the bricklayer, as his tastes lead him; but the wife—we are speaking of the wife given over to disappointment and discontent, for there are still, thank Heaven, bright, busy, happy women both in country and in town—sits over the fire in winter and by the empty hearth in summer, and finds all barren because she is without an occupation or an interest within doors or without. Ask her why she does not garden, if her circumstances are of the kind where hands are scarce and even a lady's energies would do potent service among the flower beds, and she will tell you it makes her back ache and she does not know a weed from a flower, and would be sure to pick up the young seedlings for chickweed and groundsel. If she is rich and has men about her who know their business and guard it jealously, she takes shelter behind her inability to do actual manual labour side by side with them. Active housekeeping is repulsive to her, and though her servants may be quasi-savages, she prefers the dirt and discomfort of idleness to the domestic pleasantness to be had by her own industry and practical assistance. Unless she has a special call towards some particular party in the Church, she does nothing in the parish, and seems to think philanthropy and help to one's poorer neighbours part of the ecclesiastical machinery of the country, devolving on the rectory alone. She gets bilious through inaction and heated rooms, and then says the place disagrees with her and will be the death of her before long. She cannot breathe among the mountains; the moor and plain are too exposed; the sea gives her a fit of melancholy whenever she looks at it, and she calls it cruel, crawling, hungry, with a passion that sounds odd to those who love it; she hates the leafy tameness of the woods and longs for the freer uplands, the vigorous wolds of her early days. Wherever, in short, the discontented woman is, it is just where she would rather not be, and she holds fate and her husband cruel beyond words because she cannot be transplanted into the exact opposite of her present position. But mainly and above all she desires to be transplanted to London. If you were to get her confidence, she would perhaps tell you she thinks the advice of that sister who counselled the Lady of Groby to burn the house down, whereby her husband would be compelled to take her to town, the wisest and most to the purpose that one woman could give to another. So she mopes and moons through the days, finding no pleasure anywhere, taking no interest in anything, viewing herself as a wifely martyr and the oppressed victim of circumstances; and then she wonders that her husband is always ready to leave her company, and that he evidently finds her more tiresome than delightful. If she would cultivate a little content she might probably change the aspect of things even to finding the mountains beautiful and the sea sublime; but dissatisfaction with her condition is the Nessus garment which clings to the unhappy creature like a second self, destroying all her happiness and the chief part of her usefulness.

Women of this class say that they want more to do, and a wider field for their energies than any of those assigned to them by the natural arrangement of personal and social duties. As administrators of the fortune which man earns, and as mothers—that is, as the directors, caretakers, and moulders of the future generation—they have as important functions as those performed by vestrymen and surgeons. But let that pass for the moment; the question is not where they ought to find their fitting occupation and their dearest interests, but where they profess a desire to do so. As it is, their discontent takes one form among many of this desire for an enlarged sphere; yet when they are obliged to work, they bemoan their hardship in having to find their own food, and think that men should either take care of them gratuitously or make way for them chivalrously. In spite of Scripture, they find that the battle is to the strong and the race to the swift, and they do not like to be overcome by the one or distanced by the other. Their idea of a clear stage is one that includes favour to their own side, yet they put on airs of indignation and profess themselves humiliated when men pay the homage of strength to their weakness and treat them as ladies rather than as equals. Elsewhere they complain when they are thrust to the side by the superior force of the ungodly sex; and think themselves ill-used if fewer hours of labour—and that labour of what Mr. Carlyle calls a "slim" and superficial kind—cannot command the market and hold the field against the better work and more continuous efforts of men. There is nothing of which women speak with more bitterness than of the lower rates of payment usually accorded to their work, nothing wherein they seem to be so utterly incapable of judging of cause and effect, or of taking to heart the unchangeable truth that the best must necessarily win in the long run, and that the first condition of equality of payment is equality in the worth of the work done. If women would perfect themselves in those things which they do already before carrying their efforts into new fields, we cannot but think it would be better both for themselves and the world.

Life is a bewildering tangle at the best, but the discontented

woman is not the one who is disposed to make it smoother. The craze for excitement and for unfeminine publicity of life has possessed her, to the temporary exclusion of many of the sweeter and more modest qualities which were once distinctively her own. She must have movement, action, fame, notoriety, and come to the front on public questions, no matter what the subject, to ventilate her theories and show the quality of her brain. She must be "professional" all the same as man, with M.D. after her name; and perhaps, before long, she will want to don a horsehair wig over her chignon and address "My Lud" on behalf of some interesting criminal taken red-handed, or to follow the tortuous windings of Chancery practice. When that time comes, and as soon as the novelty has worn off, she will be sure to complain of the hardness of the grind and the woes of competition; and the obscure female apothecary struggling for patients in a poor neighbourhood, the unemployed lady lawyer waiting in dingy chambers for the clients that never come, will look back with envy and regret to the time when women were cared for by men, protected and worked for, and had nothing more arduous to do than attend to the house, spend the money they did not earn, and forbear to add to the anxieties they did not share. Could they get all the plums and none of the suet it would be fine enough; but we question whether they will find the battle of life as carried on in the lower ranks of the hitherto masculine professions one whit more ennobling or inspiring than it is now in their own special departments. Like the poor man who, being well, wished to be better, and came to the grave as the result, they do not know when they are well off; and in their search for excitement, and their discontent with the monotony, undutifulness, and inaction which they have created for themselves, they run great danger of losing more than they can gain, and of only changing the name, while leaving untouched the real nature, of the disease under which they are suffering.

THE CLUBS AT ELECTION TIME.

THERE is no more animated scene in its way than the interior of one of the great political Clubs in the height of a general election. Time was when the dregs of the democracy had the best of the fun; when the *plebs* looked forward to the saturnalia under the hustings, and, after freely refreshing itself at the expense of the rival candidates to the profit of the great licensed victualling interest, went in for window-smashing as an expression of political conviction, and possibly sacked the polling-booths by way of finale. But things are changed altogether, and election times out of doors are become exceedingly dull. The good old traditions of party warfare seem only to survive among the enfranchised colliers and ironworkers of the Northern and Midland counties. The very metropolitan boroughs are perfectly peaceful, and the announcement of the poll in Westminster or Marylebone scarcely draws as much of a crowd as a Japanese juggler or a barrel-organ. Whatever we may say of the transfer of power, it is certain that the extension of the franchise has shifted the excitement bodily from the working classes and the riff-raff to their social superiors, while the newfangled institution of the Ballot has tended strongly in the same direction. Formerly the advent of an election, however sudden it might have been, found a great many worthy members perfectly easy in their minds. They knew to a shade the sentiments of their constituencies, and their constituents knew them. The local organization of the party was perfect, and the rolls of the rank and file were always kept regularly made up. You could depend upon bringing a certain number of independent supporters to the poll, where, with the eye of the party upon them, they would be forced to vote straight and square. In cases where an election was a foregone result, and a simple question of indisputable figures, it was worth no man's while to trouble the sitting member. Now all that is changed, and surprises and forlorn hopes are come into fashion. Many of the constituencies have "grow'd out of knowledge," like Master Copperfield, and can neither be canvassed satisfactorily nor counted upon. Those which are the most manageable, so far as numbers go, are become so exceedingly slippery that there is no possibility of getting a grasp of them. In these the vote used to be a valuable property, and each elector was in the way of negotiating its disposal in person. Now that the vote has lost its market value, in consequence of the increase of the supply and the difficulty of guaranteeing its acquisition to the purchaser, the possessor turns rusty when his interest is requested. He declines altogether to pledge himself in any way; or, if he is of a genial disposition, he pledges himself with frank cordiality to the one side and the other, making any amount of mental reservations. The consequence is that we have an almost universal uncertainty, inviting everywhere the advances of pushing politicians; while there are scarcely a dozen boroughs that can be pronounced safe from the attempts of some earnest adventurer of sanguine temperament. Add to all this the infinity of novel agitations, pushed simultaneously in favour of a variety of reforms to be embodied in the constitutions of future Utopias; that each section of agitators may be manipulated by any enthusiast who is prepared to stand in its interest; and we can understand how many politicians have been swimming in hot water since Mr. Gladstone issued his sensational manifesto.

Excitement is contagious, and it was by no means those who were most nearly interested who have been making the most fuss in the matter. On the day of the grand announcement, and by the

time outsiders had begun to gather into their Clubs, most of the members of the defunct Parliament had absented themselves on urgent private affairs. They were weaving their nets to catch voters, consulting over pledges and promises, wiring messages to agents, allies, and committeemen, or scattering themselves by express trains towards their counties and boroughs at the various points of the compass. These men had their work cut out for them, and sufficiently short time to do it in; their lines lay plain enough before them, however numerous might be the obstacles and pitfalls. But there were others, and plenty of them, who were taken all aback. They had set their hearts on contributing their intelligence to the deliberations of the new Senate; but they had scarcely taken thought for their final arrangements. Gentlemen who had been keeping some particular seat in their eye hurried madly to the head-quarters of the party to bid for the backing of the wire-pullers, who were sitting upstairs in secret caucus, and to obtain from them authoritative certificates of eligibility, without which their candidature would be a costly farce. There were other gentlemen of vaguer views, whose schemes were still less developed, who rushed distractedly about in search of some situation that might suit them. Men who have served their apprenticeship to politics have generally cultivated a measure of self-control, and can affect the indifference which they are far from feeling. But *parvenus* on their promotion are usually incapable of such hypocrisy, especially when agitated by the shock of a surprise. For years they may have been hovering like so many elderly Peris around the gates of the Paradise of Westminster, drawing nearer and nearer as they soared upwards in the social scale, casting wistful glances at the glories within. Now the chance has come to them of a sudden, and while the precious moments are on the wing it is slipping fast through their fingers. If it eludes them this time the odds are that they may undergo a probation of some six years more before it repeats itself, and a half-dozen of years may mean ages of torture to a bloated democrat in the sere and yellow leaf. Croesus and Plutus, for instance, had been balloted into the Club for the sake of the weight their wealth might be supposed to carry with it. Croesus had enriched himself in oil, and Plutus had made his fortune in tallow. Socially, they could scarcely be called acquisitions. They had seldom many words to say for themselves, and when they spoke they stuttered, in the awkwardness of their false position. Shy in the sight and hearing of some men, they swaggered with others or before the waiters. But to secure seats in Westminster would add cubits to their stature, and even if shyness or parsimony got the better of their ambition, their worthy wives will hear of no objection. At this moment Mrs. Croesus is standing off and on in the chocolate barouche with the orange liveries, opposite to the portals of the "Radical," to keep her husband up to the mark; while Mr. Plutus has been sent to the "Reactionary" with a flea in his ear, and a warning not to show himself again in his home unless he can bring back at least a promise of a candidature. Each gentleman grows hotter and more savage as he grows more anxious. It seems probable that Messrs. Croesus and Plutus will be left out in the cold, and the agitation of these unfortunates is in remarkable contrast to the external composure of some of the older hands who are already well in the thick of it. Some of the men who are standing for provincial seats may snatch an afternoon to run up and refresh themselves at the fountains of political gossip, while gentlemen who are courting the favour of metropolitan constituencies occasionally desert the committee-room for the Club, seeking brief relief from the importunities of agents and admirers. Composed as they may seem, they carry an odour of combat about with them, which stirs the susceptibilities of those who come in contact with them. Electioneering battles are not what they used to be, when Fox contested Westminster, or Brougham fought the magnates of the Northern counties; but they still throw a halo of heroism over the champion who contests the suffrages of a numerous constituency with the prospect of its being a near thing. At the "Radical" the "old and tried friend of the people," who stands on the one side, is generally considered as much of a bore as "that distinguished advocate of constitutional principles," who is opposing him, is at the "Reactionary." Yet now idlers and loungers sneak after one and the other, receiving respectfully their expressions of opinion, and seizing eagerly on any crumbs of information which the hero of the moment may chance to let fall. For all their assumed composure, neither the Friend of the People nor the champion of the Constitution is half so tranquil in his mind as he seems to be. The former may be staking on the election the chances of retaining his place among the subordinates of the Ministry. The official income may be something more than a consideration to him, nor are the expenses of the contest likely to be insignificant. To him rejection may mean political eclipse or even annihilation. He has got used to the seat he has been sitting in through three Parliaments, although metropolitan cushions are for the most part stuffed with straw. He cannot think where he should cast about for another, and he does know that other unfortunates of his party will have claims prior to his own. His Constitutional rival may have less substantial cause for anxiety, but he does not worry himself much the less on that account. It is true that he has never sat in the House before, and so far he risks nothing except his money, but then he is keenly sensitive to being made ridiculous. Venturing on the Ballot into a Radical constituency who set small store by the most solemn pledges, he is seriously apprehensive of a defeat that would cover him with ridicule. And he would regard the loss of his money as a trifle compared to the consciousness that he had made a fool of himself.

As the polling proceeds and the returns come in, as it becomes possible to distinguish the first symptoms of the set of the current, excitement goes up to fever heat. To borrow a metaphor otherwise applied by the coming Premier in his speech at Buckingham, the members are clustering like swarming bees round a great square stand in the central Hall. On that stand are displayed a succession of scrolls, setting out in red ink and black a chart of the electioneering situation. The scrolls are being perpetually corrected up to the latest moment; announcements are impending from some of the great representative centres of industry, from a good many small boroughs which may come to be suppressed some day if they do not see to increasing their population, and from a county or two. As to the reports from the former, they are of vital consequence to the party, for obvious reasons. So a good many of the veritable party leaders are about, evidently impatient and curious like their neighbours, which of course aggravates the sense of suspense in humbler and more excitable mortals. Then there is a handful of happy men who have already passed the ordeal and qualified for the new Paradise. They have posted up to town partly to be congratulated on their personal good fortune, principally to indulge in the luxury of sympathy with political aspirants less lucky than themselves. There may be men whose own trials are before them, who shake in their shoes in foreboding apprehension of the result, and who strive to divert their minds in the meantime by forgetting themselves in the broader sympathies of party. Above all, there are those idlers and loungers we have spoken of, and it is curious to remark the amount of factitious earnestness which the most shallow and impassive of commonplace mortals are capable of getting up upon so exceptional an occasion. Take the one who makes himself most prominent. He is dull and heavy and well over his first youth, although it is only a year or two ago that he has begun to suspect it. To their grief, he is on speaking terms with most of the members of consideration, and is in the way of addressing them by their surnames. He dawdles until luncheon time over his late breakfast, when he lies in wait for those he delights in boring. He never sat for anywhere in his life; he could not utter a couple of consecutive sentences in public, or write a paragraph of grammatical English; he would not recognize an original idea if he had one by any accident; he never spent a shilling for any but a strictly selfish purpose. Yet now he literally rises to the occasion, for he leaves the armchair in which he generally lolls, and bustles about upon his unwieldy legs, swelling with self-consciousness and self-importance. He makes himself hail-fellow-well-met with any one who is in the smallest degree a public character. He carries a metallic pencil and a memorandum-book in his waistcoat-pocket, and jots down small calculations of his own with an air of mystic importance. His dull eyes are beaming with something like intelligence, and his rubicund face is flushed with excitement, and he potters about as if it were he who had been educating popular opinion and then organizing the converted masses for this great and glorious campaign of Armageddon. The man is for the time being galvanized, although he is not by any means inspired. He is quite insensible to the humorous twinkle in the eye of a good-humoured probable Minister, whom he has button-holed by main force and is worrying unmercifully. He represents an exceedingly numerous class, although doubtless he exaggerates their objectionable qualities; and it is he, and men like him, who really get up the Club agitation in election times, and who originate the "Club opinion" which we hear outsiders speak of so respectfully.

M. MICHELET.

IN M. Michelet France has lost a brilliant and courageous writer, who was not the less a poet because he wrote in prose. He called himself an historian, and of his right to the title we shall have something to say. The great French Revolution looks so remote in history that it is sometimes startling to reflect how little distant it is, after all, from our own day. M. Guizot's father perished under the guillotine. M. Michelet's father was a printer of assignats, whose press was established in a dismantled chapel. Both historians have lived to witness two other revolutions, the overthrow of three dynasties, and two Republican experiments; and M. Guizot would probably concur in M. Michelet's observation, that the pace of the age has certainly been doubled, although he might suggest that the latter had certainly his share in quickening the revolutionary pulses of his countrymen. Michelet's writings are full of democratic violence, and the spirit of the Republic under which he was born breathes in his rhapsodies about Liberty and his fury against Kings. The preparation of his History, he said, was very painful to him on account of the bitters in the cup. "J'ai avalé trop de fêaux, trop de vipères, et trop de rois." His democratic sympathies gained him popularity in 1830, and in 1848 his shrieking pamphlets against the Jesuits made him the hero of the banquets of February. He had been suspended by M. Guizot, but he resumed his lectures under the Republic. In 1850 the coming Empire had begun to cast its shadow over France. "Every literary voice was silenced; every life seemed to be broken off. Seeing nothing but my work in the recesses of the archives, toiling alone upon the ruins of a world, I could fancy for the moment that I was left the last man." Michelet had held the position of Chief of the Historical Section of the National Archives since 1830, and the Chair of History in the College of France

since 1838. Under the Empire he lost them both. He was dismissed from his Chair for the tone of his lectures, which were too outspoken for the Government, and from his post as Director of the Archives because he refused to take the oath of allegiance; and was left without a pension. He was afterwards burned out of his house at Paris by the Commune; and when he applied to be readmitted to his Professorship, was repulsed by the Government of Versailles. It may be conceived, therefore, that he had not a very high opinion of any of the Governments under which he had lived. On quitting his Chair he retired to Nantes, and devoted himself to the completion of his History, which he had begun in 1830, and which occupied him nearly forty years. In the first chapter of that work he quotes from Strabo the description of the Gauls by the philosopher Posidonius:—"The ordinary character of the Gallic race is that it is irritable and mad about war, prompt to fight; for the rest simple and without malignity. If they are angered they march all together straight at the enemy, and attack him in the front without thinking of anything else. Thus by trickery it is easy to bring this about; they are drawn on to fight when one wishes or where one wishes, the reason mattering little." M. Michelet lived to witness in the catastrophe of Sedan what he would no doubt regard as an illustration of this generous weakness of the French character. Although he had passed through several stirring periods, his own life was not particularly eventful. He was a precocious youth; his cleverness soon made its mark, and his life was devoted to his historical studies and literary work.

Michelet will always be best known by his *History of France*. In the *History of the French Revolution* his characteristic defects are more apparent and his good qualities less strongly marked. M. Taine has called Mr. Carlyle the English Michelet, but the comparison is only partially borne out. Among modern historians Carlyle, Macaulay, and Michelet may be classed together as endeavouring to convey, not merely the hard dry facts of history, but vivid impressions of the actual course of events and of the people who played a prominent part in them. The Englishmen, however, keep their feet on the ground; the Frenchman soars at will. Whether M. Michelet can properly be called an historian is not perhaps a very profitable inquiry. It is a mere question of words and turns on what is meant by an historian. He tells us that when he sat down to his *History of France* he found that his country had annals, but that its history had yet to be written. Eminent men had studied it especially from the political point of view. No one had penetrated into the infinite detail of the various developments of its activity, religious, economical, artistic; nor had any one embraced in a general view the living unity of the natural and geographical elements which had made her what she was. Different historians had taken different points of view—some engrossed by the question of race, others by institutions, and so on, without seeing how difficult it was to keep these things apart, and how they acted and re-acted on each other. "Life," he held, "was really life only when it was complete"; and he resolved to try to make a complete and animated picture of French history. He was not content merely with connecting the different parts together, but he determined also to attempt what he called "the resurrection of the integral life, not only on the surface but in its deep and inner organisms." No wise man, he admits, would ever have thought of such a thing, but "happily, he was not wise." It is obvious that there are two ways of writing history; one way is to search out, sift, and classify the facts, leaving the reader to derive from them such impressions as he is capable of forming. In the other case the reader is offered not the hard bare facts themselves, but the impressions which the study of them has produced on the writer's mind. There is no reason why the latter should not, within certain limits, be considered a proper function of the historian. There are many people to whom a string of facts conveys no ideas at all, and who would be utterly unable to conjure up a lively picture of any particular incident or period without assistance. It is evident, however, that this second kind of history must necessarily be taken very much on trust, and that there is a point at which it becomes exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish between solid fact and pure imagination. Carlyle and Macaulay both endeavour to realize characters and incidents vividly for the benefit of their readers, but still they adhere pretty closely to the narrative form, and their historical pudding is full of plums—that is to say, facts. They give you not only their impressions, but the evidence on which those impressions rest. Michelet, on the other hand, does not bind himself down to the order of narrative, and his facts are usually presented in a highly sublimated form. His History is undoubtedly a work of great historical value, and any one who wishes to make a thorough study of French history is bound to read it, and will probably get much more from it than from many an historical compilation of the ordinary kind. Nevertheless, it is certainly not a History in the common sense of the word. It is rather a series of essays, or perhaps one might say poems, setting forth views and speculations as to different periods of French history. When M. Michelet sets himself to work out the resurrection of the inner and secret life of any historical personage, he is really exercising the novelist's art, and the result is a bit of fiction. It does not follow that the fiction may not be true, but its truth is poetical and imaginative. It may be impossible to lay down a precise rule as to how far an historian may fairly go in this direction, yet it is easy to understand that he can go but a very little way. The substance of history must, after all, be facts, things which are capable of some sort of proof; and the historian

must keep to the ground. When he takes to the air he becomes a novelist or poet.

A very good example of Michelet's way of treating history will be found in the volume devoted to Louis XIV. He was born with a pious hatred of Kings, which he carefully cherished. He boasts that his history is an exposure of "dieux crévés, rois pourris," and that he has executed a severe autopsy on this "government of corpses." It may be imagined, therefore, how he plucks Louis XIV. to pieces, and with what delight he shows up the hollowness and shabbiness of the idol under its golden mantle. There is plenty of scope for this, no doubt, but Michelet pushes it to an extravagant length. His favourite authority is the register of the King's health from his boyhood to his death which was kept by the royal physicians. It is extremely minute and uncompromising in its details. The doctors probably thought that the subject was too solemn for equivocations or pretty phrases; and they certainly set down everything plainly enough. Michelet is in raptures with their "intrepid positivism"; and it cannot be said that here he has not facts to go upon. But observe what use he makes of the facts. He takes all the principal events of the reign, and makes out a sort of account in double columns, one side giving the event, and the other the King's particular state of health at the moment. Now he has a colic, and that accounts for such a thing; another time he is over-eating himself, drinking too much strong Burgundy, and scandalously running after Maids of Honour, and that explains such another thing. Or again he is brought low with bleeding and similar remedies, and here we get at the source of something else. We do not happen to have the volume before us, and write from memory, but this is its general tenor. The history of the country is reduced to a study of the monarch oscillating between his doctors and his mistresses, and of course a great deal is made of a famous surgical operation. It will readily be understood that the most august divinity must look very small when subjected to this extremely private investigation; but no doubt Louis XIV. is fair game. It is also true that it is the curse of personal government that it should bear the mark of personal weaknesses and vices; but there is surely something ludicrous in the strain which Michelet puts on all sorts of trivial incidents of this kind, and the keenness with which he hunts a grave piece of State policy to its origin in a pot of jalap, an extra cup of wine, or the surgeon's lancet. We might take other parts of the History and point out other examples of the same sort of thing. It runs through the whole work. Michelet has been rather unfairly called a superficial writer. He was evidently a man of much research and extensive reading, and it would seem that he worked hard in the collection of materials. He is not superficial, but he is fanciful and fantastic. He builds up the most gigantic framework of argument on some petty circumstance in which his eyes discover what everybody else is blind to. Any one who chooses to stare at the clouds or brood over the fire may see some wonderful sights; and there is, on the whole, rather too much of this brooding fancy in Michelet's History. Yet it is an extremely interesting and suggestive work, and should certainly not be omitted from the library of any student of history who wants ideas as well as dates. "My life," the author used to say, "is in that book; it passed into it. It is my only event. I made it, and it has made me."

THE LATEST SCHEME OF SWISS FEDERAL REFORM.

SWISS affairs have of late drawn to themselves a much larger share than usual of the attention of Europe. But they have been almost wholly affairs which in themselves concern only particular Cantons, and which touch the Confederation only in case of an appeal being made to the Federal power against the acts of the Cantonal governments. The expulsion of Bishop Mermillod was a Federal act; but the dispute which has been going on about the Catholic parishes in the Jura—that is, in the old Bishopric of Basel—is in itself a matter which touches only the Canton of Bern. But from the odd phrases which have been used in the English papers—talk for instance about a hitherto unknown body spoken of as the "Swiss Grand Council"—it would seem that people are still unable to understand, in Europe at least, the relations between a Federal commonwealth and its members. The same people would most likely be ashamed of confounding the State of New York with the United States; but then people do not go to America to climb Alps. But while the Cantons have been acting, the Confederation has been acting too, though to the action of the whole the world has not given the same attention which it has given to the action of the parts. And the two have to some extent been acting on the same matters. That is to say, the ecclesiastical controversy which has been going on has not been without influence on the debates which have been going on at the same time on the renewed scheme for a revision of the Federal Constitution. Several of the points in discussion in the two Houses of the Federal Assembly have a direct bearing on ecclesiastical matters; still it is well to remember that the body which has been discussing constitutional changes in the whole Confederation is not the same body which has been discussing and passing ecclesiastical changes in the Canton of Bern; and furthermore, that neither in the Confederation nor in any of its Cantons is there any body known by the name of the Swiss Grand Council.

The two Houses of the Federal Assembly have been holding a winter Session during the months of November, December, and

January, and they have again put into shape a scheme for the revision of the Federal Constitution. New proposals have, after various amendments, passed both Houses, and they now await the vote of the Cantons and of the people. We are sorry to see that it has been again decided that the voting should be *in globo*, that is to say, that the whole scheme shall be put to a single vote of Yea or Nay. The objections to this course are not so strong now as they were to the scheme which was thrown out both by the Cantons and by the people in May 1872. It is plain that during these last debates a spirit of reconciliation has been at work which has brought all parties nearer to a common point than they were in the debates of two years ago. One most striking fact is that the representatives, not only of Bern and Zürich, but of Geneva and Vaud, Dr. Dubs among the latter, are now in favour of the revision, at least as a whole. It should of course be remembered, as we showed once before while speaking of the last Federal election, that the influences which direct the choice of representatives, and thereby the acts of the representatives when they are elected, are not always the same as those which direct the "Yea" or "Nay" on a popular vote. When a proposal is objected to by different parties on different grounds, it is quite possible that a constituency may send up representatives favourable to a scheme, and may yet in the end reject that scheme when it comes to it for a single vote of "Yea" or "Nay." Still the change is most remarkable. Within the walls of the Federal Palace at least, the vehement opposition of the Romance Cantons seems to have come pretty well to an end. Their great bugbear, the fear of being dragooned into a common system of German Law, has been taken away. The main stress of opposition now comes from the small Catholic Cantons; and they, we cannot but think, have a real reason to complain. But all this greatly changes the position of things from what it was in 1872. There is now much less chance than there then was of a strong and successful opposition, formed through the momentary union of several parties which have little or nothing in common among themselves, but each of which objected to some part or other of the proposed changes. Still we must think it not only unwise, but unfair in itself, to ask for a single vote on a long string of proposals on various subjects which have no necessary connexion with one another. A man ought not to be asked to vote for a military proposal which he dislikes because there is no other means of carrying an ecclesiastical proposal which he wishes for. This, or something to the same effect, is what it really comes to when the popular vote is taken *in globo* on the whole scheme. We should have thought it odd here if men were asked to give a single vote of Yea or Nay about the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the abolition of purchase in the army, and the 25th Clause in the Education Act.

We will now speak of some of the more important features of the new scheme, and especially of the points on which the two Houses at first came to different conclusions, but have since come to an agreement by accepting one another's amendments.

In the matter of education, it may be remembered that the existing Constitution simply gives the Confederation power to found a Polytechnic School, which has been done, and a Federal University, which has not been done. Beyond these two permissive clauses education is left to be wholly a cantonal affair. The new scheme proposes to give the Confederation power to found other institutions for superior education. To this the *Nationalrath* proposed to add a power to give help to ("subventionner") institutions of the same nature. It also proposed to give the Confederation power to lay down rules and conditions for the management of primary schools, though the management itself was to be left in the hands of the Cantons. The *Ständerath* left out the power of subvention; and instead of a Federal power of laying down regulations for schools, it simply proposed to vest in the Confederation the right of seeing that constitutional provisions were really carried out. Among these, as the proposal now stands, are that primary education is to be placed under the exclusive control of the civil power; that it is to be compulsory, and in all public schools gratuitous; coupled with the following very important provision, however hard it may be to carry it out in practice:—

Ces écoles publiques doivent pouvoir être fréquentées par les adhérents de toutes les confessions, sans avoir à souffrir d'aucune façon dans leur liberté de conscience ou de croyance.

One or two curious points came out in the debates on this subject. One orator, for instance, wished for a clause making "l'enseignement civique" obligatory in all primary schools. For, as he said, many young men, when they were called on to enter on their military duties, were found to know nothing of the constitution either of the Confederation or of their own Cantons. We have often found the same kind of ignorance at home, and that not always in young men only; so we may take a spiteful comfort in finding that other nations are no better off than ourselves. And of course there were one or two proposals of the illiberal Liberal kind, such as one forbidding the clergy and members of religious orders to have any share in the education in any case. In the end the amendments of the *Ständerath* were adopted by the *Nationalrath*, and it is in this form that the question will go, along with so many others, to the vote of the Cantons and of the people.

Another point to be noticed is the old question of the *Nieder-glassenen*, the citizens settled in Cantons not their own. We will not go at large into this matter again; the difficulty of course lies in the possession of valuable estates by the *Communes*. We ourselves admit the principle, though in England it seldom leads to any practical consequences. As long as no inhabitant of Oxford,

scholar or citizen, has any right in Port Meadow unless he be a freeman by birth or otherwise, the thing is little more than an odd local survival; but it would become important if every parish in England had such a body of freemen possessed of valuable corporate property. This difficulty there seems no way of getting over, except by measures which would be reckoned violent in any part of the world. On other points something is gained by giving the newly-settled *mirones* a vote after three months' residence, instead of leaving it open to his new Canton to disfranchise him for two years. Some also of the certificates formerly necessary for settlement in another Canton—the vague certificate of good morals for instance—are abolished; though the “acte d'origine ou autre pièce analogue,” which seems so odd to an Englishman accustomed to settle where he will without being asked any questions, is still kept on.

Just now whatever bears on ecclesiastical questions has a special interest. A remarkable debate arose on a clause which the *Nationalrath* inserted and which the *Ständerath* struck out, by which the Cantons and the Confederation were authorized, besides their old power of keeping the peace between contending religious denominations, to act in a way which is described in the words “prendre les mesures nécessaires contre les empiètements réciproques du domaine civil et du domaine religieux.” In the end the clause was adopted by both Houses in this form:—“Contre les empiètements des autorités ecclésiastiques sur les droits des citoyens et de l'état.” New articles forbid the foundation of new or the restoration of suppressed monasteries, and the erection of bishoprics on Swiss territory without the approval of the Confederation. The old Article 44, which guaranteed freedom of worship to all recognized Christian confessions, has now become Article 49, and in its new form it is in one way wider and in another narrower. It used to stand thus:—

Le libre exercice du culte des confessions chrétiennes reconnues est garanti dans toute la confédération.

In its new form it stands thus:—

Le libre exercice des cultes est garanti dans les limites compatibles avec l'ordre public et les bonnes mœurs.

One new Article, which decrees the abolition of “ecclesiastical jurisdiction,” is not, to an Englishman, very clear. We also get provisions that no one shall be in any way constrained or suffer in any way on account of his religious opinions, and that no one can on the ground of his religious opinions absolve himself from any civic duty. One of the ecclesiastical provisions of the *Nationalrath* has been modified by the *Ständerath*. As proposed it stood thus:—

Nul n'est tenu de payer des impôts dont le produit est affecté aux frais du culte d'une confession ou d'une communauté religieuse à laquelle il n'appartient pas.

This, it was argued, would, in a Canton which has an Established Church and a clergy paid by the State, justify a Dissenter in refusing to pay any taxes at all. The first words were therefore altered into the following form:—

Nul n'est tenu de payer des impôts dont le produit est spécialement affecté aux frais proprement dits du culte d'une communauté religieuse à laquelle il n'appartient pas.”

A proposal of the *Nationalrath* to make Sunday a day of rest by an Article in the Federal Constitution has been thrown out by the *Ständerath*. In some of these pieces of legislation we certainly see signs of a spirit which, in opposing intolerance, itself becomes intolerant, and which seems to overstep the range of subjects proper to a Federal Constitution. But this, we suppose, is the necessary consequence of new Councils, new dogmas, and a generally defiant spirit which arrays the feeling of mankind against itself. The reaction is natural. Yet of all policies the worst is that which makes martyrs, or does anything which can be construed into the making of martyrs. In all these questions we never fail to think of the two opposite sayings attributed to James the Second and William the Third:—“Mr. Johnson has the spirit of a martyr, and it is fit that he should be one.” “Mr. Collier has set his heart on being a martyr, and I have set my heart on disappointing him.”

In strictly constitutional matters it is a comfort to hear no more of the *Initiative*, while the *Referendum*, the appeal from the Federal Chambers to a vote of the people, appears only in its “facultative form,” when it shall be demanded by a fixed number of Cantons or of citizens. We still cannot bring ourselves to swallow the *Referendum* in any shape, and we do not forget the argument used with much force in the former debates, that a necessary *Referendum* might become almost a matter of form, while in its “facultative” shape it is an invitation to agitate against a law the moment it is passed. On the other hand the new provisions with regard to the Federal Court are a decided gain. Its powers with regard to the class of appeals which are now so absurdly brought before the Federal Council and the Federal Assembly will be largely increased. And whereas by the present Constitution the members of the Court are elected by the Assembly for three years, the new Constitution leaves this point open. The number of the Judges and the term of their functions are to be fixed by a Federal law. It is therefore possible that the term may be for life; though we still think that they should not be chosen by the Assembly.

These are only some chosen points out of many which are dealt with in the new scheme. Had we a vote in the matter, there are many points in it for which we should heartily give that vote, but we should at least have to think twice before we could say *Ja* to the whole scheme.

PARASITES OF THE PRESS.

A CASE which has this week been tried in the Court of Queen's Bench brings out very clearly some of the difficulties of managing a newspaper with a great name and a numerous and widely-scattered staff of contributors. Soon after the fall of the Commune an unpleasant story began to be circulated in reference to a supposed Correspondent of the *Times* who was accused of having obtained a commission from M. Thiers to save what papers and valuables he could from M. Thiers's house in Paris, and of having afterwards endeavoured to extort a large sum of money for the surrender of certain documents which had thus come into his hands, and which were said to be of a compromising character. At first this story was directed against Mr. T. G. Bowles, who happened to be in Paris as the Correspondent, not of the *Times*, but of another London paper. Mr. Bowles at once wrote to M. Barthélemy St-Hilaire on the subject, and M. St-Hilaire replied that the story was true, with the exception that the papers were worthless and that the Correspondent's name was not Bowles but Polhès. As nobody of the name of Polhès had ever been heard of at the *Times* office, it was natural that he should be denounced as an impostor; and this was done in a letter written by one of the genuine Correspondents of that journal as a means of extricating himself and his colleagues from the suspicions which surrounded them. It turns out, however, that M. Polhès, though not a Correspondent of the *Times*, and quite unknown to the regular staff of the paper, was for a short time employed to pick up scraps of news for the Correspondent of another English newspaper who also sent occasional letters to the *Times*, and that M. Polhès, on the strength of this connexion, had assumed that he was entitled to describe himself as the secretary of the Correspondent of the *Times*. A French statesman may perhaps be pardoned for not appreciating the delicate distinction between a Correspondent and the secretary of a Correspondent. It is quite clear that M. Thiers and M. St-Hilaire received M. Polhès as an agent of the *Times*, and that they were thus induced to place confidence in him. It does not follow, however, that M. Polhès may not have been scrupulously careful in designating himself correctly according to his own conception of his relations with Printing House Square; and as he has obtained a verdict in his favour, it is evident that the jury took this view of the matter. A question was raised as to whether a writer who sent only casual letters to the *Times* could be regarded in the technical sense as one of its Correspondents, but of course M. Polhès may not have been aware of the niceties of English distinctions on this point.

We have referred to this case, not for the purpose of discussing it in any way, but merely as an illustration of one of the difficulties of journalism. It appears that the *Times*' Correspondent in Paris who felt bound to expose what he took to be a case of imposture had formerly been attached to the Abyssinian Expedition in the service of the same journal, and had, even on the distant plain of Zoola, been confronted with a gentleman who had contrived to obtain a footing in the camp by passing himself off as the Correspondent of the *Times*. The man who has lost his shadow is certainly less to be pitied than the man who is perpetually haunted by one which does not belong to him, and which occasionally succeeds in getting before instead of behind him, and appropriating the privileges to which he is entitled. It is not merely that the sham Correspondents discredit and disgrace the real ones, but that they often put the latter in the position of being suspected to be shams. Some exasperation on this account is surely very natural. The trick, it seems, is played more or less everywhere, but it is probably more common in France and in the adjoining countries than anywhere else. It may be taken as a rule that at any moment there is always in some part of the Continent a sham Correspondent trying to swindle an hotel-keeper or to obtain a favour from an official on the strength of an alleged connexion with the *Times*. Anybody who has travelled much must have heard many stories of this kind, and may possibly have witnessed the detection of one of these impostors. They infest the *table-d'hôte*; they establish themselves in free quarters at fashionable watering-places, on the pretext of writing them up and making them more famous; they levy black mail on petty innkeepers in obscure nooks as the price of bringing the *grande route*, with its rush of Milors, round that way; in a manufacturing town they promise an inundation of English buyers. The wine districts are a favourite hunting-ground of rogues of this class. Most commonly the sham Correspondent is content with his food and lodging gratis, and is humble enough to accept a glass of wine or even *schnapps* rather than nothing; but the more audacious members of the profession demand, and sometimes obtain, considerable sums of money. The writer of the letter with reference to M. Polhès said he thought it very hard that official persons should receive with open arms any chance comer who chose to say that he was connected with the *Times*, without inquiring into the precise nature of the connexion, or asking him to produce his credentials. There can be no doubt that the confidence of officials is often singularly misplaced, and that more circumspection may be expected from them than from ignorant innkeepers and tradesmen. It is probable, however, that the game will still be kept up merrily. The fact is that the *Times* has obtained a remarkable hold upon the imagination of foreigners, and this is one of the consequences of this sort of greatness. Their ideas of the magnificence of the Lord Mayor are equalled only by their ideas of the stupendous machinery by which the *Times* collects news, and especially all sorts of Court secrets, in foreign parts. Not long ago we read in

a French book an account of the manner in which the *Times* manages its staff of writers. The editor periodically retires to some secluded spot and thinks deeply on the future of the world. The result is a list of all the subjects which by any chance are likely to occupy public attention for some years to come. A contributor is told off to each subject, and provided with a bundle of blank cheques for his expenses. One betakes himself to the heart of Africa, another to Central Asia; another is posted in a foreign capital where for the moment everything seems quiet and humdrum, but where an eruption is slowly preparing underground. And so on. Thus, whenever anything happens, the editor has always at command a man who knows more about it than anybody else; perhaps the only man who knows anything about it. Besides this, there are always four or five Correspondents, with packed portmanteaus and the usual stock of blank cheques, waiting in Printing House Square ready to be started at a moment's notice to China or Peru. The evidence given in this trial shows us how the work is actually done. The *Times* has a number of regular and duly accredited Correspondents in different parts of the world, who are entitled to use its name and to collect information on its behalf. It also sends out special Correspondents as occasion arises for their services. But besides this, it receives a vast quantity of volunteered communications from all sorts of people, who are paid for their contributions if any use is made of them. Taken literally, a Correspondent is a person who sends correspondence; and we suspect that the nice distinctions between "Our Own," "Our Special," and "Our Occasional" Correspondent are rather thrown away upon the general public. The reputation and liberality of an important journal will always attract towards it a vast quantity of correspondence from all sorts of people; but the penalty is that many of those who have thus furnished casual assistance are apt to give themselves out as recognized agents, while perhaps a still larger number of persons who never had anything whatever to do with the paper go about deluding and plundering by the use of its name. During the late war the host of sham Correspondents in France was almost as numerous as the legion of sham attendants on the sick and wounded, and occasionally both parts were played together for the sake of extra rations or some other advantage.

It is the peculiarity of the press that it is a profession which is usually followed without any personal identification. The writers are known to their employers, and they are also known within a limited professional circle. Beyond that their names have probably never been heard. The consequence is that it is very easy for persons who choose to do so to pretend to be connected with journalism in some form or other, although they may never have written a line for a newspaper in their lives, and may be quite incapable of doing so. There are at this moment in London a considerable number of people who obtain free admission to theatres, concerts, and all sorts of places of amusement, who thrust themselves into public dinners and forage among the restaurants, who levy contributions from tradesmen, extract bribes from speculative companies, and, in short, carry on a general system of mendicancy and extortion on the strength of a connexion with some newspaper or other which in nine cases out of ten is probably purely imaginary. There are journals which are kept up for no other purpose than as a pretext for this sort of black mail—journals without credit or circulation, but which represent merely paper and printing that can be passed off on the foolish and unwary as so much public opinion. The worst examples of this imposture are perhaps to be found among what are called financial papers. Some of the Indian princes who have from time to time appeared with claims against the British Government could probably throw a good deal of light on the manufacture of opinion to order in a certain class of papers; and exhibitors at the great Exhibitions in London, Paris, and elsewhere, eager for a puffing notice of their wares, could also disclose the prices at which they purchased, or thought they purchased, fame. There is, in fact, no great institution which is so discredited, disgraced, and preyed upon by parasites of all kinds as the newspaper press. To some extent perhaps the conductors of the press are themselves responsible for this evil, in consequence of the carelessness of some of them as to the personal character of those whom they employ. It is true that in every profession there are black sheep; but the privacy with which most newspaper work is performed unfortunately supplies a cover under which black sheep have sometimes rather more than a fair chance. The public, however, might do a great deal, not only to protect themselves against imposition, but to keep up the character of the press, if they would only believe that the sham Correspondents, begging paragraph writers, and the rest, are really powerless to effect the objects for which they seek to be paid, and if they would treat as impostors all who offer their services for hire, as manufacturers of public opinion.

HOURS OF POLLING.

IT deserves consideration whether the hours of polling at elections have not been too far reduced. A resident in Lambeth or Chelsea, who has employment in the City from nine to four daily, must vote in the first hour of polling if he votes at all. There is no doubt some danger of disorder after dark, but there is no reason why the poll should not be opened at six or seven in the morning and perhaps kept open a little later at night, particularly where the counting of the votes is not begun until next

day. Formerly the poll both in counties and boroughs was kept open fifteen days, and there was only one polling-place even for the great county of York. The time was successively limited to nine days, two days, and one day, and increased conveniences for taking the poll were provided. As regards boroughs, the existing law is that the polling shall begin at eight o'clock in the forenoon, and shall continue during one day only, and no poll shall be kept open later than four o'clock in the afternoon. But suppose that the poll is not opened until after eight o'clock, or is closed before four o'clock, what is the effect upon the election? This question seems likely to be raised in connexion with one or more of the elections in metropolitan boroughs. In Hackney it appears that three of the polling-stations remained closed throughout the day, while in Lambeth it is stated that several polling-stations were not opened at the proper time. As regards Hackney, it can hardly be doubted that the election will be declared void. An elector can only vote at the station appointed for him, and if that station be not opened he is deprived of his vote. There were nineteen polling-booths or stations in Hackney, and if three of the stations remained closed throughout the day, something like one-sixth of the constituency would be for the time disfranchised. An election thus conducted can hardly be supposed to be valid; but if we inquire what degree of irregularity in procedure will invalidate an election the answer may be difficult. Under the old practice of keeping open the poll several days there was ample opportunity to vote, and irregularities in the hours of opening and closing did not greatly matter. But suppose that a City clerk who lives in Lambeth goes to his proper polling-station at half-past eight on his way to business, and it is not open, and his vote is lost, and suppose this occurs in numerous cases, the grievance becomes serious. A slight want of punctuality in opening one or two booths would not furnish a case for interference. The entire failure to open three booths would furnish such a case. Thus much appears certain; but intermediate cases present difficulty.

Non-compliance with the rules of the Ballot Act will not invalidate an election if it appears that the election was conducted in accordance with the principles of the Act, and that such non-compliance did not affect the result of the election. This is the substance of a clause in the Ballot Act, which, however, is not directly applicable to the question under consideration, because that question arises, not upon the Ballot Act, but upon a clause, or rather part of a clause, of an earlier Act which is left unrepealed. It seems useless to complain of the slovenly habit of modern legislation. Instead of repealing the whole of the Act limiting the hours of polling and re-enacting part of it, Parliament has chosen to repeal part of a section of that Act and leave the rest standing. Thus, if we want to know on what day a poll should be taken, we must refer to the Ballot Act; but if we want to know during what hours the poll should be kept open, we must refer to the earlier Act. The mutilated section of the earlier Act which remains unrepealed speaks of "such one day," but the antecedent of "such" has been swept away. However, we understand it to mean the day appointed under the Ballot Act for taking the poll. Thus the law is:—

- (1) The polling shall commence at 8 A.M.
- (2) It shall continue during one day only.
- (3) It shall not be kept open later than 4 P.M.

What is the effect of non-compliance with these enactments? Are they merely "directory," as lawyers say, or are they "imperative"? If they are "imperative," non-compliance with any one of them would invalidate the election. But the practice of Parliamentary Committees appears to have been to inquire whether "the result of the election" was affected by non-compliance with these enactments, and only to invalidate the election where this appeared to have been the case. Thus Committees proceeded on the view which has been adopted in the Ballot Act. They looked to see whether the result of the election had been affected, and probably they would also have considered whether the "principles" of election law had been violated; but it appears to be a matter of doubt, and certainly of importance, what the true interpretation would be held to be of the words "whether the result of the election has been affected." In the Hackney case it is impossible to say what the result of the election might have been if the voters had had full opportunity of polling. But we may say with something like confidence that "principles" have been set at naught. It clearly is a "principle" that electors should have reasonable opportunity of voting, and this they do not get if they are told off to a particular polling-booth which remains closed throughout the day. In considering the case of Lambeth we will assume that a hundred voters were actually prevented from voting by the delay in opening the poll. These voters would have just ground of complaint; but we are not sure that a judge could be prevailed upon to avoid the election on this ground. If it could be shown, not with certainty, but with reasonable probability, that a number of votes were lost to the defeated candidate which would have placed him in a majority, that would be a very different case; though even here it must not be forgotten that, where a petition is at the suit of any of the electors themselves, the question whether the fortune of either of the candidates has been influenced would not be the true test. The question would be as to the injury to the electors, and the violence done to the principles of the Acts in reference to the free exercise of the franchise. The Election Committees exercised a large discretion in dealing with these questions, and although there is one example of an election being avoided partly on the ground of the poll having been closed before four o'clock, yet it is impossible to say how far the

decision was due to the circumstances of the case. The decisions of Committees are not likely to have much weight with the judges by whom elections are now tried, and therefore it may be useful to see whether any decisions have been given by judges which throw light upon this question.

In the Warrington case it was alleged that, in consequence of confusion at a polling-booth, and owing to the incompetency of a poll-clerk, the electors had by no fault of their own been prevented from exercising their franchise freely and indifferently, and that therefore the election ought to be held void. It was proved that at one of the polling-booths, upon the resignation of another man, a person named Dickson was appointed to be poll-clerk. Dickson went to the polling-booth, and took his seat at first in a place which was not the usual place for the poll-clerk to sit at, but he was afterwards removed by the Returning Officer to a better place. The persons who went to vote, instead of going in steadily one by one, rushed up in a crowd in front of the place where Dickson was sitting, and, instead of orally tendering their votes, they held up tickets for him to take, and then thrust them over on to his book. Some of these tickets were taken in by a man named Lowe, a check-clerk of one of the candidates, who was sitting in the booth, and by him handed on to Dickson, without any personal tender of the vote being made to Dickson by the voter himself. Partly owing to this rush of persons, and partly also in consequence of Dickson not turning out to be a very competent man, there was a confusion at this polling-booth for an hour or so, and the votes of a number of persons were either not recorded at all or wrongly recorded. On these facts it was contended that it was the duty of the Returning Officer to take care, as each voter came up, that he tendered his vote to the right person, otherwise that voter would not have that free opportunity of exercising his privilege to which he was entitled. The question was whether the electors had been deprived, not by their own wrong, of the privilege of voting. Mr. Baron Martin held that this was not a void election. He did not consider that it was entirely through the fault of the poll-clerk Dickson that the poll was not properly taken. He thought that Lowe and the voters, as well as Dickson, were parties to the irregularity that took place. Then was this to be declared a void election? "Supposing it happened that the votes of half-a-dozen out of two or three thousand voters are omitted to be taken, are all the other votes to be set aside, and the election declared void?" It would in his opinion be ridiculous to say that because at one booth there was an irregularity, the whole of the rest of the borough should be put to the trouble of a new election, and all that had taken place be declared null and void. "I adhere," he said, "to what Mr. Justice Willes said at Lichfield, that a judge to upset an election ought to be satisfied beyond all doubt that the election was void, and that the return of a member was a serious matter, and not to be lightly set aside." In the Greenock case it was alleged that the Sheriff had contravened certain statutory provisions as to dividing the burgh into districts, and assigning the voters to polling-places; but there was no evidence to show that the fairness or the result of the election was at all affected by the arrangements which the Sheriff did make. Lord Barcaille upon this said, "I think that these statutory provisions are of such a kind that it would require that something much more should be made out than merely that they were transgressed in good faith without any serious consequence to invalidate the election."

In the Harwich case, which came before a Committee in 1851, it appeared from the evidence that a voter named Woods went to the poll four or five minutes before four o'clock; that the Returning Officer was there with the clerks and poll-books; that the witness tendered his vote for the defeated candidate; and that while the poll-clerk was writing down his name a disturbance took place, and the proceedings were interrupted by the mob, who, in accordance with a local custom, considered themselves entitled to the hustings when the poll was closed; that during some discussion as to administering the bribery oath, a cry was raised that "Time is up"; that the hustings were speedily demolished; that the Mayor refused to take the vote, and that the poll was finally closed before four o'clock in the afternoon. It was contended that the poll was improperly and unlawfully closed, that the proceedings were interrupted by violence, that the Returning Officer ought not to have finally closed the poll, but was bound by law to have adjourned the same, and that on both these grounds the election was void. The majority was six, and only this one case of Woods was brought forward. Evidence was given on behalf of the sitting member to show that the poll was not closed before four o'clock. The Committee resolved that the poll was closed before four o'clock; that the proceedings were interrupted by violence; that, in consequence of such interruption, Woods was prevented from voting; that the election was void; and that the Returning Officer should not finally have closed the poll. This case, therefore, went upon two grounds, and it cannot be regarded as a clear authority that the closing of the poll five minutes before four o'clock would avoid the election.

Where a statute directed an act to be done in a certain manner, and it was not so done, the act was not held void unless the statute went on to direct that it should be so. Thus an order of justices at the Michaelmas Quarter Sessions was held valid, although the Sessions were not held in the first week after the 11th of October, as they were directed to be by statute. Many cases have been decided on this principle that the words of a statute were "directory," and not "imperative." It has been said that negative

words are necessarily imperative, but it would be unsafe to infer that affirmative words are not imperative. Thus when the statute says that the poll shall commence at eight o'clock, and shall not be kept open after four o'clock, it can hardly be that a different rule of construction would be applied to these two clauses of the same section. Within limits it may be safely said that the whole section is imperative. Thus if the Returning Officer were to give notice that he should hold the poll from nine to five o'clock, there can be little doubt the election would be void. But it would be easy to put cases of accidental and partial infringement of the Act where the decision would be doubtful. Thus much, however, is clear, that either the hours of polling ought to be extended, or very complete arrangements ought to be made for taking the poll without delay to voters. Such occurrences as those of Hackney and Lambeth cannot but cause deep dissatisfaction.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH THEATRES.

A RECENT number of the *New York Herald* contains an article bearing the title "American Comedy—Is it Coming?" The answer given to this question is such as one would have expected. Poor as this country is in current dramatic literature, she is rich in comparison with America. "Nobody will write an American play," except, we may remark, Sardou, who does not exactly please American taste. A few years ago a drama was brought out which was popularly accepted as an American play. "It was merely a very literal piece of realism, with a cosmopolitan series of *dramatis personæ*, and the scenes adroitly laid near the Rocky Mountains." But in order to produce "a contemporaneous comedy" it is necessary to do something more than provide "portraits of places, furniture of the period, and vivification of fashion plates." The dramatist who is master of his art is not content with investing every territorial settler with the moral proportions of a hero—albeit a hectoring hero—and uniting highly improbable incidents to one another by wholly impossible links. His incidents would grow out of his characters, and his characters would develop from his incidents just as they do in real life. "When the truly American comedy comes along, we shall entertain no objection to its having just as many handsome dresses for the leading lady as that somewhat exacting personage could desire, provided that it is not necessary for the management to depend upon the handsome dresses for the success of the play, and provided the accessories are not made to occupy so large a space in the public eye that the essentials are lost sight of." This passage puts the matter very forcibly, and we will only add that, "when the truly American comedy comes along," we hope to be in the way of meeting it. As might be expected, American managers are even more destitute of good literary assistance than we are, and they endeavour to supply this want of talent by providing everything that money can buy. We might be quite sure that, if a good play were produced in America, it would be brought to England, but nothing of the kind has come. And it is tolerably certain that Americans would not be content with that dreary entertainment called a lecture if they could get anything better. "We want a comedy deriving its elements from civilization in the United States, and limiting its eclecticism to what is generically American." One writer who has attempted to satisfy this demand has produced "cheap dramatic stereotypes of life in concert-saloons and slums." Another writer localizes English scenes and characters by help of a novel of Trollope; or he assimilates the "Buffalo Bill" element, and fixes his scene on the border of Western civilization. Another writer "concocts a farce in five acts, which yield a number of pretty women the opportunity of wearing stylish dresses, and render it necessary for upholsterers and cabinet-makers to do their work brilliantly, and give plenty of it." But these efforts do not satisfy a reasonable demand, and the article exhorts young writers to set to work and produce that play which most young writers fancy they could produce so easily. But it must be something American, indigenous, no flimsy translation from a French play, no unaccustomed adaptation from an English novel. "We should not object so much to the dry-goods drama, if it were leavened with American character and genuine wit."

Turning to the musical and dramatic intelligence of the same journal, we find that a play founded on the *Last of the Mohicans* is in preparation at Niblo's Garden. "The managers claim, we believe, that it is the American drama, and we do not say that it is not." All that is insisted on is, that a play with Big Indian in it is not necessarily American. The resort of American dramatists to Cooper's novels does not perhaps bespeak greater poverty than the reproduction of *Amy Robsart* at Drury Lane. But it certainly does not indicate wealth. Perhaps if the new play succeeds at Niblo's Garden, it might be transferred to Drury Lane with real Indians to act in it. That would be, we believe, a distinct novelty, and would be likely to have a marketable value. A play called *Poline* has been produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It is an adaptation from Sardou, but contains several allusions that are intended to give it an American air, although the French names of persons and places are retained. A wealthy widow could of course invest in the Northern Pamunky and Denver Central without going a mile from the Boulevards. Such a play might have been produced in England, but it has not; and for this let us be thankful. Sardou's characters and situations without his language are intolerable. There is, of course, a lady who receives a gentleman not her husband in her private apartments. She

gives him a few drops of laudanum, intending to put him to sleep, and take from his person an imprudent letter; and he seizes the bottle, drinks the whole contents, and falls insensible just as the lady's husband and an officer of police are entering her apartments upon business connected with the absconding of a cashier. The husband has lost a large part of his fortune "by the failure of an American banking-house," as is stated in order, we suppose, to make Americans feel at home when they see the play. At Wood's Museum "trash, buncomb, spread-eagleism, morbidity, mock heroics, and coarseness" are said to be prevailing features of the entertainment. The plucky red-shirted heroes who do the tall talk at this house are probably the American equivalent for the British Tar who gratified our fathers by expressing noble sentiments in nautical phraseology. The critic of the *Herald* thinks that he ought to rejoice that these plays are no worse. "But then, if they could be worse, they probably would be." In the course of the plotting and counter-plotting between the hero and ruffian of the piece, probability is outraged and coherency is despised. Catastrophes are ensured by devices which an infant could see through, and astounding discoveries which surprise no one are perpetually being made. Sentimentalism is sandwiched with murder, and the "angel mother" business alternates with negro break-downs. We have not at present anything so bad as this in London, but then we might have. However, the tide of sensationalism has lately rather ebbed in London, and it is not likely to be always on the flood at New York. But the dreadful difficulty is, if you take away the plays which receive these severe and just criticisms, what can you put in place of them?

Although America sends us no plays, we receive from thence some valuable actors. The Lyceum Theatre has become the headquarters in England of Miss Bateman and her sister, and it has been successfully managed by Mr. Bateman, who has lately, as we are glad to observe, abandoned a system of puffing which was hardly compatible with the character of a high-class theatre. The play of *Richelieu* having been withdrawn, we hope that the burlesque thereof at another theatre will be discontinued, particularly as it would be rather hard to continue to parody Mr. Gladstone after he has virtually ceased to be Prime Minister. The play of *Philip*, which has been produced with tolerable success at the Lyceum, is welcome as affording a change of part for Mr. Irving, and also as coming from a gentleman who, although known as a novelist, has here attempted dramatic composition for the first time. We cannot pretend to say that this play has any conspicuous merit or defect. It is well acted by Mr. Irving, Mr. Clayton, and Miss Isabel Bateman. The make-up of Mr. Clayton as an old man is commended by the critics, who handsomely allow themselves to have been deceived by it. As the newspapers divulged on Monday morning that the old man was Juan in disguise, we are unable to judge whether this secret could have been penetrated by the unaided sagacity of the audience. We do not, however, think this make-up so remarkable as others which have been lately seen, and it would be rash to challenge comparison on this head with the clever firm of *Tricoche et Cacolet*. It is a little unfortunate that the last act of *Philip*, which is intended to be solemn and impressive, contains a situation resembling that which causes such exuberant mirth in the second act of the English version of *Le Mariage de Figaro*. There is a gentleman who takes refuge in a closet, there are a wife and a suspicious husband. Such is the levity of playgoers that the majority would probably prefer the fun of the Olympic to the moral grandeur of the Lyceum Theatre. Both plays may be seen once, but one of them will bear to be seen as often as a company can be found to act it. This comedy, like the opera on the same subject, is ever fresh, and we would recommend managers at New York to introduce the comedy as well as the opera to their audiences. Until the American Sheridan desired by the *Herald* shall evolve himself from the womb of time, it may be useful to consider whether Beaumarchais could not be translated at least as well as Sardou. The political satire which was composed under a Monarchy might perhaps be adapted to a Republic. The Count might be appointed Spanish Ambassador to the United States, and if any pedant objects that this would be an anachronism, we answer that the talents of Figaro and the opportunities for their exercise belong to all times and countries. We had almost forgotten that the story of *Philip* begins in Spain; and although we believe that frockcoats and Liberal opinions have made their way into any Spanish castles which still remain, yet for the sake of stage effect it is permissible that the Counts Philip and Juan should dress themselves like bandits. Both these young men fall in love with the girl Marie, whom their mother has adopted out of charity, and whom she turns out of doors in anger at the natural consequence of her own imprudence. Poor Marie is forced to earn her living by teaching French to a family of six English children, whose parents probably overlooked the fact of her being pretty and attractive in consideration of her accepting a low salary. Afterwards she becomes companion to a French lady of fashion, and in her drawing-room meets a Spanish gentleman lately returned with a fortune of his own making from America, who turns out to be her old lover Philip. During the seven years that she taught French to children at twopence an hour she had leisure for reflection, and discovered that the faithful gloomy Philip deserved her love better than the agreeable heartless Juan. It is to be feared that girls often make these mistakes, which sometimes they find out as women. There had been a quarrel between the brothers about Marie, and Philip supposes himself to have killed Juan. Philip goes to America, comes

thence to Paris, meets Marie again and marries her, and there appears at their country house an old man who is Juan in disguise. He visits Marie when he supposes Philip to be absent. Philip returns, and the usual jealous-husband business follows. Philip is relieved at once from suspicion and remorse, and husband and wife fall into each other's arms, while Juan uncomfortably illustrates the saying that two are company and three is none.

REVIEWS.

TALES FROM THE FJELD.*

THESE are excellent stories, and they have been admirably translated by Mr. Dasent. As he says in his preface, "things which seem easiest are often the hardest to do," and there is no small difficulty in translating, as he has done, at once with great spirit and with exact fidelity. To Mr. Asbjörnson we, in common with all who love folk-tales, owe hearty thanks for this worthy continuation of the work which he and Mr. Moe began so many years ago—for the first volume of the *Norske Folkeeventyr* appeared as far back as the year 1842. Like many other books destined to succeed, the Norse Tales were at first received somewhat coldly. But they soon won the hearts of their readers, and they rapidly passed into enlarged editions, of which the fifth has just seen the light. In 1847 appeared a German translation, to which Ludwig Tieck contributed a preface, and in 1858 Mr. Dasent introduced them to English readers, by whom they were at once warmly welcomed. The second series, which Mr. Dasent has now translated, appeared in 1871. All the stories it contains were collected by Mr. Asbjörnson, as also are those which constitute the two series of his *Norske Huldre-Eventyr*, books of a somewhat similar nature which we should be glad to see translated.

As we may assume that most of our readers are familiar with the first series of the "Popular Tales from the Norse," and as there is not much difference between the contents of the two collections, except in as far as, to use Mr. Dasent's words, "the character of this volume is more jocose and less poetical than that of its predecessor," we will pass from the frank and simple stories themselves to the vexed question of their origin and meaning. Can they be looked upon as the creation of Norwegian peasants, or are they mere adaptations of foreign tales? Do they enshrine any relics of Scandinavian heathenism, or are the fragments of myths which may be detected in them to be referred to some very different religious system? These are problems not easily to be solved; but although it would be rash to give any decided opinion about them, various guesses may without imprudence be hazarded. In some countries very little is known about the religious doctrines or the mythological systems of their inhabitants previously to the introduction of Christianity. Of the deities worshipped of yore in the Slavonic lands, for instance, scarcely any trustworthy evidence exists; of the ideas which their names and attributes conveyed to the minds of their worshippers we have but little means of forming even a conjecture. But with respect to the heathen Scandinavians the case is different. Thanks to poets and scholars, and above all to those friends of the human race, as they are said to have once been officially designated, the Icelanders, we are in possession of testimony which enables us to draw sufficiently certain conclusions with respect to the religious views entertained by the old inhabitants of Norway, the forms with which they peopled the spirit world, the voices they heard amid the howling of the blast, the sights they saw through rifts in the mist or the storm-cloud. And therefore we are in a position to judge whether the supernatural world which was realized by the imagination of the heathen Norwegian can be, to any extent, identified with that of which we obtain some idea from the folk-tales in which his Christian descendants delight.

In many cases, at least, such identification appears to be all but impossible. Every here and there, it is true, occurs a story which seems to be linked with Northern mythology, with the old tales of Asgard and Jötunheim, of the wars waged between the gods and the giants. But of most of the longer narratives it may be said that they have scarcely any features specially characteristic of the North of Europe, their plots as well as their personages being all but identical with those which are revealed by a glance at the popular fiction of the South. If we take, for example, the Sicilian tales, we find in them almost exactly the same supernatural machinery as that by which the action in the Norse tales is produced and controlled. Yet there was a considerable difference between the old mythologies of Norway and Sicily, which may account to a certain extent for some of the divergencies between the popular beliefs of the two countries at the present day. Similarities of this kind may sometimes be attributed to direct borrowing, but they appear to be much more frequently due to independent adaptation. The story of the "Three Lemons" in the present volume has undoubtedly been conveyed from the Mediterranean, where it flourishes luxuriantly, to the North Sea or the Baltic, along whose alien shores its appearance is a rarity. But that of "Three Years without Wages," while it offers no Scandinavian characteristics, does not betray any signs of having been conveyed to Norway by any

* *Tales from the Fjeld*. A Second Series of Popular Tales, from the Norse of P. Chr. Asbjörnson. By G. W. Dasent, D.C.L., Author of "Tales from the Norse," "Annals of an Eventful Life," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1874.

special route, or of its migration having been determined by other causes than those which mysteriously distribute the seeds of popular fiction. As the two stories are typical, it may be worth while briefly to examine them.

The hero of the "Three Lemons" is the usual youngest brother, who is sent for the prettiest princess "to be found in twelve kingdoms," and his early difficulties and ultimate success are of the ordinary kind. But one episode in his story is of a nature unfamiliar to Northern fiction. In a Troll's castle he finds three lovely princesses, who immediately turn into as many lemons, which he pockets and carries away. Becoming thirsty after a time, he bites a piece out of one of the lemons, whereupon a princess is discovered within it, who cries out that unless water is given to her she must die. No water can be found, and so she dies, and the same fate is undergone by the princess whom the hero finds in the second lemon when he takes a bite out of that. But the fair tenant of the third lemon is saved by the fortunate discovery of a neighbouring mill-stream. What is the exact meaning of this singular transformation scene it is hard to say; but that it has been borrowed by its reciter at Christiania from some Southern source is rendered probable by the fact that a prominent place is given in it to a Southern fruit; and the probability becomes almost a certainty when we find that no other Scandinavian version of the story appears to be known to the commentators, while Italian variants are numerous. The earliest of these is to be found in Basile's *Pentamerone*, under the title of "Le tre Cetre." Others have been discovered in Tuscany, Piedmont, the Italian Tyrol, and Sicily. The story is not by any means confined to Italy, for a Greek version from Asia Minor is given by Hahn, and another from Wallachia by Schott; but it probably made its way direct from Italy to Norway, just as the German version quoted by Zingerle in his collection of Tyrolean tales (No. 11) is likely to have been borrowed from the story current in the Italian Tyrol, of which he quotes (No. 52) from Schneller an imperfect variant.

In both these Tyrolean tales the magic fruits are pomegranates; but in the latter version they are tenantless, in the former they enclose fair maidens whose existence depends, after their exposure to the light of day, on their being immersed in water, in which they rapidly assume the ordinary proportions of womankind. The modern Greek version from Asia Minor corresponds closely with the Norwegian, as also does Basile's Neapolitan story, in which, however, the fairy occupants of the fruits do not die if water is not given to them, but only disappear. In the Sicilian story quoted by Gonzenbach (No. 13) the fruits are replaced by a coffer, in which is enclosed the "Fair One of the Seven Veils," who requires water to be thrown into it when it is opened, in order to enable her to exist and grow; in Pitre's version, from Casteltermini, the life of the hero will be forfeited unless one of the fairy tenants of seven magic lemons will accept from him a proffered draught of water. In the Wallachian story the fruits are golden apples successively given to the hero, who is sadly in want of a wife, by Mother Wednesday, Mother Friday, and Mother Sunday. He is told to go to a fountain and give one of the golden apples to the fair maiden whom he will find there, but not until she has asked him for water and accepted it from him. In his thirsty impatience he fruitlessly eats the apples bestowed upon him by Mothers Wednesday and Friday, but Mother Sunday's apple he treats more prudently, and when he bestows it upon the nymph who has quaffed his proffered beverage, she says, "I recognize in thee my destined husband." The story is evidently connected with some heathen belief in water spirits, akin perhaps to that entertained by the Russian peasant with respect to the Rusalka, or Naiad, who will perish, he thinks, if she ever allows herself to become entirely dry; for which reason she frequently combs, like a mermaid, her sea-green locks, which have the power, when thus solicited, of pouring forth a copious and refreshing flood.

We did not undertake to explain the mystery of the "Three Lemons," on which we have dwelt merely in the hope of identifying the region from which it made its way to Christiania. But the story to which we are now about to turn admits, at least in part, of a very simple explanation. The hero of "Three Years without Wages" is a ploughboy who, at the end of the time specified, obtains, in lieu of other recompense for his services, a dog, a cat, and a lizard. At the lizard's request he sticks a knife into its tail, on which the reptile becomes a prince, whose delighted family bestow upon the ploughboy a magic ring which brings him everything he asks for. And when it is stolen by the bad princess whom he subsequently marries, and he is reduced to his former poverty, the dog and the cat combine to recover it for him, and all once more goes well. The story is utterly devoid of moral, and its principal incidents are not easily to be explained by reference to any of the mythologies or superstitions of Europe. But we have only to refer to its counterparts in India, and we shall find it there assume a shape which is thoroughly in keeping with Indian ideas both as regards mythology and morals. We shall therefore be fully justified in placing it in the group of those popular tales which have clearly been transferred, during a comparatively recent period, from the East to Western lands, in which their original meaning has become utterly lost. A German version of the story originally formed No. 104 of the *Märchen* collected by the Brothers Grimm, and will be found in some of the English translations under the title of "The Faithful Beasts." But it was subsequently omitted, on the ground that it was a mere translation of a Mongolian story—namely, the thirteenth tale of the *Siddhi Kūr*, which was supposed to have been made familiar by its translation in Bergmann's *Nomadische Streifereien*.

The hypothesis may have been correct in that instance, for the two narratives are suspiciously alike, but the story is, in several lands at least, as genuine a folk-tale as many of its unsuspected companions. In Russia and in Greece, for instance, it is exceedingly popular, and many versions of it have been printed (see Hahn, No. 9), and it occurs at least five times in Radloff's immense collection of songs and stories current among the Turkish people of South Siberia. But its original home was undoubtedly India.

The whole group of European folk-tales about the gratitude of animals for man's kindness may clearly be traced to the Buddhistic East. Not with the idea of merely whiling away an idle hour, but with the intention of teaching a moral lesson, were those early Indian "beast-fables" composed, in which the doctrine of the transmigration of souls was conveyed under a generally attractive form. And not to a sentiment akin to the kindly modern feeling which in so many European lands has created Societies for the Protection of Animals were these eloquent pleadings in favour of the brute creation due, but to a conviction that even the meanest of the inferior animals may have been, or may become, a man and a brother, may even be a Bodhisattva, a being destined to attain to the state of a supreme Buddha. From India the complicated stories into which these elementary parables developed passed at an early period into China, and in the course of time became current, in a modified form, among the Buddhistic inhabitants of Central Asia. Later still, in all probability, they travelled westwards, and one of their number, that of the "Faithful Beasts," struck the fancy and obtained a firm hold on the memory of many European peoples. In Benfey's opinion this story was probably introduced into Russia during the Tartar period, and thence made its way into more Western lands, its first appearance in print being in the early part of the seventeenth century, when Basile founded upon it the 25th and 31st tales of his *Pentamerone*. Its Norse rendering, under the title of "Three Years without Wages," seems to have been adapted from one of the fuller Slavonic versions. The episode of the lizard which turns into a prince is a fragment of another tale, borrowed from one of the numerous Indian stories about Nāgas, wherein a man renders a service to a snake, which turns out to be the son of a ruler over those serpent-demons. The incident is of common occurrence in Oriental stories; its mythological explanation is perfectly simple from an Indian point of view. The serving three years without wages is another interpolation, belonging to an entirely different story, with which, in its modern form, the Whittington's Cat legend is generally connected. A tale of this kind is given by Mr. Dasent in the present volume under the title of the "Honest Penny."

Similar ideas have, no doubt, at different times and in divers places independently developed into similar narratives; and therefore the mere resemblance between two stories is not a proof that one has been borrowed from the other. But it is very improbable that any such independent development should result in the production of two complicated dramas, divided from each other by great spaces of time and place, and yet agreeing in the sequence as well as the nature of their respective scenes. On the other hand, there is nothing excessively improbable in the supposition that a dramatic tale of this kind may have made its way from people to people, sometimes being helped on its path by literary aid, but more often depending for its progress on oral tradition. And so, if a long chain of events is found narrated in an Asiatic as well as in a European story, the nature and the connexion of the several links being almost if not wholly identical, we may fairly assume that the one narrative is a copy of the other. Then, if the supernatural machinery or the moral teaching of the story be shown to be inconsistent with any ideas ever known to have been prevalent in Europe, but thoroughly in accordance with those which have certainly prevailed, and perhaps still prevail, in Asia, we may safely assume further that the European narrative has been borrowed from the Asiatic. Let these tests be applied to the longer stories in any collection of European folk-tales, and, unless we are much mistaken, their Eastern origin will in most cases stand confessed.

THE ALPS OF ARABIA.*

THIS is a book with a high-sounding and misleading title, borrowed, perhaps unconsciously, from Sir F. Henniker's *Notes during a Visit to Egypt*, as quoted by Dean Stanley. The author, who informs us that his profession obliges him to work in a crowded and smoky capital, started from Alexandria in January and ascended the Nile as far as the first Cataract. Having accomplished this by no means arduous or unprecedented feat, he crossed the Desert from Cairo to Ismailia and Suez, visited Mount Sinai, went up the western shore of the Gulf of Akabah to the place of that name, and, after a short stay at Petra, traversed the Holy Land from south to north, taking in his way the usual places of interest, and ending with the ruins of Baalbec. Now there was once a time when Sydney Smith could write of an Egyptian traveller as one entitled to make a profound sensation in society by the mere novelty of his experiences. The test of a good novel, the witty Canon wrote, is, that it should make a reader inattentive "when a bishop is speaking," or when a gentleman "fresh from the Pyramids or the Upper Cataracts is let loose on the drawing-room." The works of a host of learned and attractive writers, and the increased facilities of communication,

* *The Alps of Arabia: Travels in Egypt, Sinai, Arabia, and the Holy Land.* By William Charles Maughan. London: Henry S. King & Co.

have made Egypt and Palestine as familiar to the present generation as France and Italy became to our fathers when thrown open at the close of the great war with the First Napoleon. Nor can every one enliven such a subject with the picturesque illustrations of the Dean of Westminster, or with the epigrams of *Eothen*, or flood it with the copious knowledge of Dr. Robinson. Nevertheless something is to be made out of a journey of four months in Egypt and Palestine if a man is skilful in selecting his topics and apposite in his remarks; and there are some things of which the world is never weary, and on which every fresh narrator can shed a little additional light. Unluckily Mr. Maughan, though observant and gifted with a good eye for natural scenery, cannot keep his pen and his feelings under command. The whole of his trip up to Assouan might have been omitted. He is far too much given to gush in "recollections," and "associations," and "solemn thoughts," and "mighty names," and "immutable desolations," all of which, to be endurable, must be clothed in striking and nervous language, or should be neatly suggested to the reader, who can follow them out for himself. Every man of education and perception may be fairly left to warm his piety at Iona in his own fashion, and to reanimate his patriotism, if it needs it, at Marathon, or by his own fireside. Then glowing sunsets and moonlight nights are Mr. Maughan's especial snare; more than half-a-dozen times does he break out into rapturous descriptions of landscapes, rivers, and rocks, as seen at eve or after sundown, for which the whole dictionary is ransacked. "The afterglow over-spreads the horizon. Palm groves, billowy plains, and dim mountain ranges are blended into a ghostly and harmonious whole. The shimmering stream steals away like a shroud, or changes its dingy yellow for a ghostly, glassy hue. Tombs cut out of the rock have a cavernous, melancholy look. A red tinge on the horizon is delicately graded away through a succession of tints of all shades, into the dark sapphire of the overarching canopy of heaven. In the pale radiance of the lustrous orb of night, everything is softened and subdued into the most intense repose, broken only by the baying of a watch-dog or the screech of an owl. Clear lustrous jewels of pale fire enamel the dark purple sky." It becomes so difficult to describe the unearthly and mysterious loveliness of the scene, that Mr. Maughan's brain, a few pages further on, gets, he tells us, quite dizzy, and "the very presence of man seems an anomaly." We have collected and strung together the above gems without adding anything of our own, and we seriously recommend to the author, when next impelled to magniloquent description, to turn to that passage in *Guy Rimering* where Meg Merrilies, meeting Dandie Dinmont at Mumps' Ha, plies the honest Liddesdale farmer with endless questions as to the ruined appearance of Dernecleugh and the old barony of Ellangowan. "Hout," is the reply, "deil's i' the wife wi' her saughs and her sunkies and Ellangowans. Godsake, woman, let me away. There's saxpence t' ye to buy half a mutchkin, instead o' claverin about thae auld-world stories."

There is, however, a good deal to be gleaned from Mr. Maughan's volume in the way of hints for the trip, especially of that part which the Overland Route has rendered accessible and familiar. Twenty years ago a *dahabeah* was the accredited mode of proceeding up the Nile. When the vessel had been thoroughly purified of vermin, and had been well provided with stores, books, tins of provisions, and mosquito curtains, a party of two or three gentlemen had all the keen enjoyment which leisure, a fine climate, and good companionship could supply. But it required at least two months to reach the first Cataract; and after a time the monotonous character of the ascent became very trying. Men who are not keen sportsmen or practised linguists tire of attempts to pick up a few words of Arabic from the *Reis* and his crew, or to vary the daily meal of chicken and omelette by shooting wild pigeons or waders and divers in the glare and heat of the mid-day. Long reaches of the river intervening between the places of historical interest seem never to end, and many a traveller, besides being scared by the expense, would prefer to the dignified solitude of the private boat the miscellaneous congregation of the steamer, which gets over the uninteresting ground at a good pace, allows three days for Thebes, and perhaps a day at other places, and so lands the traveller back at the port of Cairo in less than one-half the time required for the old-fashioned mode of "doing the Nile." There is nothing in the visit to Shoubra near Cairo and to the Pyramids which calls for criticism; nor has Mr. Maughan thrown any new light on the monuments of Luxor or Edfou. Neither do we care to quote any scraps of slang which he picked up from the Cairo donkey boys, or to follow his retrospect into the "stream of time," "the majestic traditions," and the "princely list of conquerors" who "flashed like a meteor" on his blinded sight.

We pass on to the journey across the Desert. Mr. Maughan took Ismailia on his way to Suez, but he seems to have been under a misconception, or to have missed the moral of the spot, when he records that there is little to see at this place, and that he "disposed of the sights in about half an hour." The miracle is, not that there is so little to see, but that Ismailia has actually been called out of nothing into existence by the simple cutting of a fresh-water canal. That a spot which was either a waste of sand or a collection of miserable Arab huts a few years ago, should now boast an "Hôtel Pagnon," some cafés and billiard-rooms, and any trees or vegetation at all, and should be the residence of Europeans and of a military band, is an earnest of what might be done to turn deserts into rice-fields, if the Viceroy of Egypt would only construct a series of canals to carry Nile water all over the country

just when the river is at its height. After visiting Sinai, the author came down on the Gulf of Akabah, and noticed the infinite number and variety of the shells, as well as of the coral fragments, which doubtless led the Greeks, as Dean Stanley well observes, to call this sea Red, while the Jews called it the "Sea of Weeds." Here, too, he had a distant view of the small island of Kureiyah, which few travellers in modern times have visited, except Laborde the Frenchman, and Wellstead, who was employed by the East India Company to survey the place in 1833. Mr. Maughan is rather too much addicted to quoting whole pages from the works of former travellers, and to give summaries of history; but we can quite forgive him for his borrowed description of the ruins whose very founder is unknown. The island is of granite and consists of two hillocks connected by a flat isthmus. It is difficult of access and has been locally known as the "Island of Pharaoh," doubtless from the same spirit in which the celebrated well at Cairo is ascribed to Joseph. A wall, partly in ruins, and with turrets and embrasures, on the northern mound, encloses some edifices which have arches and a Doric column still standing, and fragments of pillars half concealed in rubbish. Tanks had been hewn out of the solid rock to supply the fortress with water. We cannot find any mention of this island in the works either of Dean Stanley or in Dr. Wilson's *Lands of the Bible*. The French explorer, Laborde, planted the white flag of the Bourbons on the highest of its rocks, in the name of his nation, in 1828.

The account of Petra is perhaps the most interesting and satisfactory portion of the book. Most travellers appear to have entered this only from the west, after passing the "wide and desert valley of the Arabah." Laborde and Mr. Maughan managed to turn the eastern range of the Arabah and to enter the "Sik" or gorge of the Red City, from the south, through the Wady Ithm. The reluctance of the Arabs to allow strangers to view the ruins unmolested has not yet been fully overcome. Dean Stanley, as was to be expected, was neither plundered, insulted, or mobbed, and he especially commemorates the "princely courtesy" which was shown to him by Sheikh Mohammed, who at the time of his visit, 1852-3, was the eldest son of the celebrated chief of the Alawins, Sheikh Hussain. The headship of the tribe by this time has devolved on the said son, Sheikh Mohammed; and between his claims and those of another local celebrity, whose name is in these pages metamorphosed into "Abnegazion," and the disputes of the Fellaheen with the Dragoman of the party, and exorbitant demands for "backshish," Mr. Maughan and his companions appear to have had just sufficient alarm and annoyance to give zest to their adventures. The Arab Bedouin or Bedawi is, however, at his worst, far more civilized than Greek or Italian bandits. He only takes tax of the living freight which enters his dominions on the ships of the Desert. Travellers may be hustled, saluted with blank cartridges, kept awake all night by guttural ejaculations, and forced to purchase peace and quiet by emptying their purses into the hands of their Dragoman, in some doubt whether the whole scene may not be got up for his especial benefit, or at least in complicity with the wild men of the Desert. But their ears are not slit, nor are three Englishmen held in durance until a fourth has gone on to Jerusalem or back to Cairo in order to levy the ransom of his companions. On one occasion Mr. Maughan seems to us to have apprehended danger and to have detected latent bloodthirstiness from a mere ignorance of a very common Mahomedan custom. He and his two friends had climbed up to the remarkable building known as Al-Dair or the "Convent," and were descending, when their guides, who had disappeared, suddenly came up with an ibex which they had stalked. Mr. Maughan tells us that they were "wilder than ever," that they had "streaks of blood" about their hands and faces—which is not very surprising—that they made signs to explain how they had got at the animal, and that they drew "their hands across their throats," thereby proving to the amazed Englishmen "how the sight of blood arouses the passions of these children of nature." We strongly suspect that the truant guides were merely explaining why they had left the travellers, and how they had duly performed on their quarry the well-known ceremony of cutting the animal's throat, and allowing at least three drops of blood to fall, in order to make it, according to their own language and tenets, "*halal*," or lawful to be eaten. Indeed we are told that they laughed and chattered away, and immediately afterwards, by way of showing their sanguinary and vindictive natures, fired one or two shots at some partridges, which, however, they missed.

We cannot quote any of the passages in which the author describes, and not with undue abundance of diction, the extraordinary site, the crumbling excavations, and the exquisite structures which Grecian skill and Roman magnificence have combined to raise in a valley which, till the commencement of this century, had baffled or escaped all the researches of travellers. As a place discovered by Burckhardt in the disguise of an Arab, and only half explored by Irby and Mangles; high to the mountain where the Great High Priest of the Israelites was buried; as, by a preponderance of authority, successfully identified with Kadesh-Barnea; presenting a combination of purple-coloured rocks, fresh verdure, and magnificent ruins; as a spot approached even now with some difficulty, and yet not quitted in haste or without regret, Petra may take a high rank in the list of those exhumed or deserted cities which have afforded a long succession of puzzles to linguists and scholars. The remainder of the tour does not appear to have given birth to much adventure. The travellers made a little expedition to Jericho and back; and on a rising ground which afforded a fine view of the

Dead Sea, came on a congregation of tents, each with its own flag, showing that English, American, French, and Germans were apparently enjoying life and having a picnic of nations. In fact, on the beaten tracks in Syria and Egypt there is nothing like solitude or immunity from intrusion. Mr. Maughan properly notices a tradition, due to the Mohammedans, to the effect that Moses is buried, not somewhere on Mount Pisgah, "but on a height opposite the Red Sea." Neby Musa, however, as he writes it, does not mean "the grave of Moses," but Moses the Prophet, "Nabi" being a title given by Mussulmans to all those divine messengers who preceded their own Mahomed. Thus we have elsewhere Nabi Samuel, Nabi Yunás or Jonah, Nabi Yehiya or John the Baptist, and Nabi Zur, or the founder of Tyre. The Arabic word for grave or tomb would generally be *Kabr*. It is curious that Mr. Maughan does not seem to have heard of or read the two volumes by Dr. Wilson, the *Lands of the Bible*. While quoting freely or referring to Burckhardt and Laborde, Dean Stanley and Dr. Robinson, he seems to be ignorant of the writings of a scholar who brought to the elucidation of many historical and social questions a very competent knowledge of more than one Semitic language, a thorough acquaintance with the works of previous writers, and a familiarity with Oriental manners which makes him in many points an admirable guide and companion. In some aspects Mr. Maughan is not disqualified for telling us what he saw. He is not dull. He sees and describes natural productions and picturesque bits of scenery. He is evidently penetrated with the *religio loci*. He has taken some pains to consult authorities, and has spared no trouble to commit his observations to writing daily and on the spot. But, as we have noticed in other cases, the excursion of four months might easily in print have been compressed into two hundred pages, at the rate of fifty for each month. There are so many enchanting features in the Holy Land that we by no means imply that no more books should be written about it. The scenery would be attractive without the associations. The history and the remains would invest it with beauty, even were the whole country as barren or desolate as the Arabah. The time best suited for exploration, moreover, enables men of leisure and wealth to avoid any winter which has dropped out of its place in the seasons to re-appear in an English spring. But then writers ought to pick their subjects, repress their fervid imaginations, and condense and prune their style.

WILLIAM ELLIS, THE MISSIONARY.*

THE author of "Polynesian Researches," even though we may hesitate to receive the assurance that "his name is apostolic in its missionary achievements" (p. 302), was unquestionably a considerable man—at least a bishop in his chosen calling—and his son has sketched the history of his active and honourable life in a simple, frank, and natural style, which is not the less effective for some obvious lack of literary skill and experience. It is far more profitable as well as more pleasant reading than the ambitious supplementary chapter devoted to the great missionary's "character and work" by Dr. Allon, respecting whose unseasonable love of ecclesiastical polemics we may have to say a word presently. If there is one enterprise which beyond all others might be supposed to attract the sympathies of religiously-minded men, it is surely that which forms the main subject of this volume. The triumphs won by our faith over the strongholds of idolatry have been few and scanty indeed in modern times, yet we need not grudge the tribute of our reverent admiration to those who have been foremost in the battle, nor deem their unselfish labours lost even though they may seem to have been ever so unproductive of the results we could have desired. Men like Carey and Morrison, like Henry Martyn and Bishops Mackenzie and Patteson, belong to no sect or party; they are the common possession of Christendom. And if the case of William Ellis at all differs from theirs, it is that he has left behind him more visible and (as we trust) enduring memorials of success than have been accorded to the efforts of some who strove as earnestly and perseveringly as he did.

The hero of this memoir was born in London in 1794, of parents whose circumstances were very humble. His mother had left her native town of Reading to take domestic service; his father was a mechanic, though his grandson seems strangely unwilling to particularize "the special manufacture in which the young man was engaged." When the child of such a home attains to distinction, it will almost invariably be found that at least one of his parents possessed qualities suited for a higher station. In William Ellis the gentleness of his mother's disposition and her sensitiveness of spirit tempered and adorned the firmness and masculine energy which he inherited from his father. The latter is described as a man of good natural parts, much shrewdness, and genial humour, fond and proud of his eldest son, as well he might be; but so "advanced" and "liberal" in his religious opinions that the Unitarian chapel was his refuge when he was most inclined to be devout. It may well be imagined that these tendencies on his part gave his eminent son no small distress, and long after, on the occasion of his mother's death in 1837, he closed his remonstrances to his surviving parent with a prayer which, if excusably uttered, ought never to have been reproduced to the world:—"May the Lord have mercy on him and save him at the eleventh hour."

* *Life of William Ellis, Missionary to the South Seas and to Madagascar.* By his Son, John Emoo Ellis. With a Supplementary Chapter containing an Estimate of his Character and Work, by Henry Allon, D.D. London: John Murray. 1872.

As early as 1797 this industrious mechanic took part in a strike among his fellow-workmen (such things as strikes existed eighty years ago), and was compelled to migrate with his family to the Cambridgeshire fens, where after a while he became one of the hands employed by Mr. Usill, a candle-maker at Wisbeach.

What education young Ellis could pick up must have been chiefly at home, for at six years old he was employed at two shillings a week in winding cotton wicks with one hand, while nursing his little brother with the other. But there were a few books in the house, such as Captain Cook's "Voyages," embellished with tempting pictures, and now and then the child might pick up a stray sixpence of his own by holding a gentleman's horse, wherewith to buy a second-hand volume of Travels. Besides this taste for reading, the boy was so happy as to form a predilection for another pursuit, in its influence hardly less humanizing, that of gardening. "Here began," he said publicly at Wisbeach, sixty-six years afterwards, "when I was scarcely five years old, that strong desire to understand the processes of vegetable life, and that unspeakable pleasure in meeting with new, rare, and beautiful forms of plants, flowers, and fruit, which through all the intervening changes of life have been to me a source of pure unmingled thankfulness and pleasure." Accordingly, before he was twelve years old he left his candle-making and slight irregular attendance at school to become apprentice to a neighbouring market-gardener. From this situation he was promoted at thirteen, as a quick handy lad, to the service of a clergyman, who long continued to take an interest in his fortunes; then to another clergyman's, whose well-furnished library was open to him when work in the garden was done. At seventeen he transferred himself to Kingsland, near London, to learn in a large nursery-ground the more abstruse secrets of the calling which he looked to follow.

We have pursued William Ellis's modest career thus minutely, because we have here, throughout his son's narrative, in substance though not in form, as genuine a bit of autobiography as ever was written. Men have risen in life as he did—some few, though not many—on whose mind and manners the sordid cares of early poverty have left no trace whatever; whose easy gracefulness of literary style would suggest any scholastic training rather than that of a gardener's assistant. But such persons are usually reticent about their youthful days; some through constitutional reserve, others in consideration for the children who look up to them with respect; yet more from the motive which Dr. Johnson confessed to—pure dislike to trace what he chose to call "the annals of beggary." We institute no comparison in regard to usefulness and dignity between the poet Crabbe and our missionary; but parts of this volume strongly remind us of Crabbe's Life by his son, as well in their candid disclosures as in the geniality of the spirit which inspires them both. What a contrast they exhibit to the false shame and impotent resentment with which Dickens has told a not dissimilar tale!

The turning point was now nigh at hand, when the love of study and of nature was to be absorbed in a yet nobler passion; for nothing less than a passion was Mr. Ellis's anxiety to make known to others the highest truth as he received and held it. At the two clergymen's houses he had imbibed no more than such a general reverence for religion as stood him in little stead among the special temptations of London to so young a man; but the next year he again changed his place and became an inmate in a religious household, which worshipped at a chapel of the "Independent," or (as it now calls itself in preference) the "Congregational" persuasion. This accident, if as such it must be regarded, determined his choice for life. He joined that communion, as so many thousands join all communions, through no deliberate preference of its peculiar doctrines or discipline, about which they may not be curiously anxious, but simply because they have learnt in such assemblies the value of religious exercises. He now became a Sunday School teacher at Silver Street by London Wall, where he met with her who was afterwards his first wife, Mary Mercy Moor, a woman of the same temperament as his mother, though somewhat her superior by birth, and who in the same Surrey Chapel, "and glowing with the same aspirations," was first moved like himself by an impressive sermon to go out to preach the Gospel to the heathen. He had just completed his twentieth year (November 4, 1814) when he addressed to the Secretary of the London Missionary Society, which was then supported chiefly, and is now entirely, by members of his denomination, a formal application for employment, which is here published at length. One or two extracts alone we are able to give, as being at once characteristic of the man, and not too purely theological:—

I can conscientiously affirm that it is not an impatience to be freed from anything that is irksome or unpleasant in my present situation that induces me to offer myself as a candidate; nor am I influenced by any secular motives, for I am perfectly satisfied with my present station in all respects, and have reason to believe that I give satisfaction to my employers. I should be unwilling to leave my present place on any other account. . . . I have but little to recommend me to the Society, having had but little education, and most of what I have learned I have learned from observation. I have been accustomed to work in the garden, which occupation forms the chief part of my present employment. I received much encouragement from an article in the *Evangelical Magazine*, under the title of "Qualifications for Missionaries," after reading which I indulged a hope that, although my talents were of the lowest sort, yet I might be accepted. I now declare myself willing to follow wherever Providence may lead me. . . . I hope you will excuse all the faults, as I am ignorant of the rules for writing properly.

In any other man in his position it would have sounded as mere affectation to profess himself indifferent to the social advancement

which must have ensued from his obtaining what he sought; in Mr. Ellis it was doubtless the sincere expression of a contented and humble soul. His personal examination by the Committee gave them confidence to engage, doubtless with some misgivings, the best and truest agent the Society ever had. When Matthew Wilks, one of the few clergymen on the Board of Examiners, had asked him where he had received his education, his reply was "in my bedroom"; and, indeed, he had stolen mainly from his night's rest the time for learning what little he had acquired. Raw as he was, the Directors were at first for sending him straight to Africa, for they had yet to discover by repeated disappointments that those who set up to instruct others, even in the Bible, have abundant need to know a little themselves. This arrangement was subsequently changed, and Ellis was allowed a year's very necessary preparation under Drs. Bogue of Gosport and Pye Smith at Homerton, previously to his ordination as a pastor, and his marriage the next day to his faithful helpmate, who wanted nothing but health to be all that her husband could have hoped for.

Their destination also had been changed when their departure was postponed; they were now bound to the South Seas, and, in the first instance, to the Society Islands, a remote volcanic group seen by Quiros in 1606, but virtually rediscovered by Wallis in 1767, and visited by Cook in 1769. The delicious climate of those isles of bliss, their rich tropical productions, the voluptuous beauty of their women, and the abominable institutions of their base idolatry, had been coloured by Dr. Hawkesworth somewhat too vividly for the taste of a not very fastidious age, and his unlucky book had doubtless the effect of directing the earliest efforts of the newly-founded London Mission to spots where man alone seemed vile. In 1796 the good ship *Duff*, whose perilous voyages made a favourite reading book for young people fifty years ago, was despatched with a cargo of missionaries, eighteen of whom were to be left at Tahiti and its smaller neighbours. They were mostly men taken from the same class as Ellis, but without any share of his ability and power of self-culture; so that it is nothing wonderful that, set on by drunken and profligate sailors and adventurers from Europe, to whom the spot had become a favourite refuge, the natives rejected their teaching, stripped them of all they possessed, murdered three of their number, and drove the rest into the woods and caves of the rocks. The prospects of the mission were improving, and the ministers had returned to Eimeo, a little member of the Society group, when Mr. Ellis and his wife arrived early in 1817, some thirteen months from Portsmouth. The native Christians numbered at that period scarcely more than fifty; but the presence of a superior mind, and the decision of a true ruler of men, soon made themselves felt. After he had learned the language, which was to him a matter of little trouble, and had made good progress in the work to which he had been specially appointed, his views extended from this small archipelago to that larger one about two thousand five hundred miles further north, which Cook had discovered in 1778, had named after the too famous Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and where he met his death in 1779. Arriving at the Sandwich Islands in 1823, our missionary found renewed interest and excitement in the fresh scenes which surrounded him; and he helped by his counsels and active co-operation the American preachers who had for three years laboured there with no great success. Towards the end of 1824 the serious illness of Mrs. Ellis compelled the family to return to Europe, by way of Cape Horn; and, after a sojourn of some months in and near Boston, the sick voyagers reached Margate in August 1825, after an absence from England of between nine and ten years.

Returning to his native country in the very flower of life, with a reputation in every way deserved, William Ellis is presented to us in a new character. For more than five years he was employed as travelling agent by the Society he had served so well. This was hard and uncongenial work; but he threw himself into it cheerfully, or at least uncomplainingly. On these tours his thorough earnestness and varied information always made their way, though his speeches were characterized rather by fluency than eloquence, and were at times so diffuse that it needed a friendly twitch of the coat-tail to bring his oratory to a close (p. 185). He did the cause he loved far better service by his pen. At this period he published two most interesting books, whose substance must have been prepared long before—namely, his *Tour through Hawaii and Polynesian Researches*, beyond comparison the most picturesque narratives of missionary enterprise at that time extant, and well worthy to take their place in English literature by the side of Bishop Heber's "Journal." In 1831 a weary itinerant life was ended by his being chosen for the highest preferment he could well aspire to, the office of Foreign Secretary-in-Chief of the London Missionary Society. In that responsible capacity he tasked his energies so unsparingly that in 1839 ill health compelled him to seek temporary repose; and after spending a year at Pau to little purpose, he was at length forced in 1841 to resign his post and to retire to the little Hertfordshire town of Hoddesdon. He had by this time lost the loving companion of his early manhood, who, after more than ten years of acute suffering, endured with saint-like patience, was removed from him in January 1835. She had given him a charge which we hear of much oftener in fiction than in real life—to provide for himself another wife who should be kind to his motherless daughters; and after a decent widowhood of two years' duration, he found opportunity to comply with her injunction by marrying Sarah Stickney, a lady whose literary services he had enlisted

when editor of a little annual, the *Christian Keepsake*. His son and biographer praises his stepmother highly, especially noting her affectionate care of his afflicted sisters, two of whom she nursed till a long sickness closed in death. For the rest, the new husband and wife might seem to have agreed in little else than in their common love of all things holy and virtuous. Mr. Ellis was haunted with what in him must be called an inconsistent habit of procrastination, always putting off his departure from home, for instance, till the last moment that he could catch the train (p. 203). The lady, a Quakeress by education, was a very model of order and punctuality. Each of them was distinguished by strong individuality, each held firmly to opinions which did not always coincide; yet their union was eminently happy. The husband in his mature age exchanged a melancholy too natural with him for habits more social and communicative (p. 196); and after thirty-five years of wedded love, having calmly received her partner's last breath, the faithful wife retired to her own chamber to die but seven days after him. "Sane ubi idem et maximus et honestissimus amor est, aliquanto prestat morte juncti quam vitâ distrabi."

At Hoddesdon, in a charming cottage whose garden was laid out by his loving skill, Mr. Ellis lingered for twelve years (1841-53), recruiting his broken health, officiating as pastor to a small body of Congregationalists, always ready to take a wider flight if duty seemed to call him from home, esteemed and respected by all around him of whatever communion, yet, oddly enough, surprised that a new-born zeal against Church rates made some of his neighbours look more coldly on him than their wont (p. 180). From this retirement he went forth, when sixty years of age, to become a missionary at Madagascar, in a sphere of action which must have been quite novel to his experience. He soon found himself immersed in the shifty politics of that semi-barbarous kingdom, and his son's narrative, referring as it perpetually does to extraneous sources of information, hardly allows us to see our way clearly through the mist. That his several visits were sources of much consolation to the persecuted native Christians needs not be stated; that his motives were the purest, his honour beyond question, are facts sufficiently attested by the whole course of his upright life. Beyond this we cannot go. It is painful to note his perpetual conflict with almost every European that crosses his path; not only with the French consul M. Lambert, but with the English consul Pakenham too; with Abbé Jouen and the French priests as a matter of course, for his intense hatred of what he terms "Roman Catholicism" exhausted all the bigotry which his mild spirit was capable of cherishing. His son and Dr. Allen treat this period as the most glorious in his life. For our own part we are glad to welcome him safe home again by the end of 1865, and to find him spending his gentle decline in his old work, tramping on deputations, and preparing for the press an edition of the Malagasy Bible. He died in his seventy-eighth year, on the 9th of June, 1872, after three days' illness, and was fitly honoured with a public funeral by the Directors of the London Missionary Society.

We like Mr. J. Eimeo Ellis's book so well that we will only ask him to record in his second edition the plain fact that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts is a century older than any of those enumerated in the first page of his "Introduction." Dating as he does from Upper Canada, a province full of that Society's good works, his forgetfulness is the more to be marvelled at. With Dr. Allen also we would fain part in peace, if he will but let us. We shall not get him to alter his not unbiassed opinion about "the disastrous history and issue of Established Churches in all nations" (p. 303), nor shall we modify our own judgment respecting the bad taste of dragging such topics into a context which could better dispense with them. If "to the Madagascar of future generations William Ellis will be, only in a far simpler and nobler character, what Augustine was to England, what Boniface was to Germany, what Patrick was to Ireland" (p. 304), it certainly is not because he abstained from worldly affairs, but because he sought to control them according to the light that was in him. The legislator of the Society Isles (p. 77), and the intimate counsellor of Radama II. (p. 256), is just as amenable as his illustrious predecessors to the charge, unjust as we believe to them all, of "forging chains to bind the Christian energy and life" of posterity.

A WHALING CRUISE.*

CAPTAIN MARKHAM took a voyage last summer to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia, in order to collect information which might be useful for future Arctic exploration. As he was appointed to H.M.S. *Sultan* within three weeks of his arrival in England, his journal has been printed during his absence almost in its original form. However valid may be the apology, we cannot say that the books of travel which are put together after this fashion are generally amusing. They have, indeed, the merit which belongs to impressions recorded at the moment; but they are apt to suffer both from the inevitable repetition and from the omission of many things which at the time seemed to be too familiar to need explicit notice. Some such faults may perhaps be occasionally detected in Captain Markham's narrative; but we have on the whole very little to say against it. Here and there we might wish for more compression, or for a fuller description; but the narrative is lively, unaffected, and

* *A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay*. By Albert Hastings Markham. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

pleasantly indicative of the writer's character. It is sufficiently clear, and all the clearer because he takes no pains to impress us with the fact that Captain Markham is made of the right material for Arctic exploration. He is always cheerful, alive to the good side of his companions, keenly interested in his pursuit, and ready to take energetically to any piece of work that falls in his way. His object is, of course, to encourage his countrymen to make another dash for the North Pole by way of Smith's Sound; and we wish him all success in his laudable endeavour. Meanwhile, as great part of the book is devoted to giving a detailed account of the manners and customs of whalers, we are inclined to ask a humble question. Might not some gentlemen who are in want of sport find an agreeable variety in a cruise after whales? So far as we can reduce to any logical formula the motives which lead men after grouse, or deer, or salmon, it would seem that whale-fishing has every claim to rank amongst recognized sports. A large number of athletic young men will be engaged next summer in circumventing salmon; but if the dignity of sport is to be measured by the magnitude of the prey, a whale is to a salmon what a salmon is to a minnow; and whale-fishing, or, to speak more accurately, whale-hunting, should rise as much above salmon-fishing as salmon-fishing above bobbing in the Serpentine with a crooked pin and a bit of thread. When a gentleman has the luck once or twice in a week to find himself at the end of a rod with a thirty-pound fish at the end of his line, he talks about it for days, and when he returns to London is capable of boring any one who will listen to him with the minutest details of his glorious sport. What then must be the satisfaction of feeling yourself fast to a monster sixty feet in length, with some twenty tons of blubber stowed about as a mere miscellaneous item in his gigantic carcass! The salmon forces poor Mr. Briggs to run a hundred yards along a river bank; the whale will tow a boat through fifteen miles of sea, and occasionally not only a boat, but a loaded ship of four hundred tons. The salmon has a nasty way at times of snapping a line by a sudden rush; the whale sinks a hundred fathoms or so, and drags the boat after him. The salmon gets into awkward corners of a pool; the whale takes out a mile or two of line under a field of ice, and requires to be persuaded out of his sulks by firing harpoons at him instead of pelting him with stones. When you have landed your salmon, the trouble of carrying him home may justify a gillie in a claim for a glass of whisky; we know not what reward would be due on the same scale to Captain Markham and the boat's crew who had on one occasion to tow a dead whale behind them for eight hours. Luckily, a whale, like most animals and men whose constitution tends to the development of blubber, is a creature of singularly amiable and pacific habits; for, if he had the sense to be aggressive, the sport of whale-fishing could hardly be pursued in anything short of an ironclad armed with heavy guns. Still the mere playfulness of such a brute is apt to be awkward to his immediate neighbours. If a sailor should get his leg entangled in a rope which is fast to a plunging whale, his chances of revisiting the upper air in a state of continuity would be exceedingly small; and a mere flap of the tail of one monster, just touching the dingy in which Captain Markham was following him, failed by the merest accident in smashing the whole concern to atoms, and, as it was, gave Captain Markham a very unpleasant bath in the Arctic Ocean. On another occasion he describes a narrow escape from a similar catastrophe, when, as he says, all the other boats were miles away, with one exception, and that one, being fast to a whale, would, he supposes, have thought twice before coming to his assistance. We should have hoped that these sportsmen would have set a higher value on each other's lives; but doubtless it was not the reflection that a whale is often worth a thousand pounds or more which would have caused any hesitation, but that overpowering excitement which makes all objects seem unimportant when one is in the process of killing any living being.

For fear lest this brief indication of the pleasures of the chase should send off any number of eager sportsmen to Dundee, whence the fleet annually sails, we think it right to add that a certain amount of discomfort is to be set off against the pleasures. We find even Captain Markham confessing that on one morning he felt some reluctance to get up and witness a run—if that be the proper word for describing the pursuit of a whale. In fact, it seems that his stomach was a little turned by some of the incidents. The pursuit is all very well, but the process of cutting up the whale afterwards is not calculated for squeamish people. Captain Markham is of course superior to the weaknesses of wretched landmen; but he seems at times to have been in a condition which might be called sea-sickness if the predisposing cause had not been something else than the motion of the waves. In fact, when the sport has been good, the blubber seems to pervade the whole ship. Not merely is it impossible to find a tolerably clean place on the deck, but the unctuous substance insinuates itself into the cabin, gets into one's clothes, and infects the atmosphere. Everything which you eat or drink tastes, we should imagine, of blubber; and, according to Captain Markham's description, the arrangements for feeding are not precisely elegant at the best of times. The captain of the *Arctic*, in which he sailed, appears to be a pattern seaman; hearty, blustering, as well as skilful and daring in his profession; moreover, we are glad to hear that he is well read in Shakespeare, and could give long recitations from his plays; but, with all his merits, the Captain, as we gather, was at times a rather trying host. Whenever Captain Markham asked for a slice of beef weighing less than a pound, he was chaffed for his love of "Waxhalls." This mysterious word indicates a tradition in the Arctic seas that

the slices of ham and beef at Vauxhall Gardens used to be thinner than was desirable. Some gigantic son of the ocean had probably once penetrated so far in the intervals of his voyages, and brought back to his messmates a contemptuous report of the effeminacy of cockney appetites. Though we are not expressly told as much, we infer that these jovial mariners would have been scarcely suited for the society of an exquisite. Dim visions are indicated of a peculiar kind of festivity called a Molly. The original "molly" is an Arctic bird which gorges itself with blubber and offal till it becomes unable to fly; it has then a pleasant habit of rejecting its food and returning to take in another cargo. We are left to infer that some kind of analogy has presented itself to the seafaring mind between the manners and customs of the bird and those of the guests of a so-called Molly. Society, indeed, must necessarily be limited in the Arctic regions; but wherever two or three whalers are gathered together one hospitable captain runs up a tub to his masthead and his fellows speedily arrive from the other ships. We can fully believe that next morning there is frequently a smell of brandy, rum, beer, and tobacco in a small cabin, which is able successfully to encounter even the odours of blubber. From various indications, indeed, it is plain that nobody of very delicate stomach should rashly take a passage on board a whaler. But if any robust person should be smitten with the desire of whale-catching, he will have the compensation, if we may trust Captain Markham, of making the acquaintance of a set of thoroughly manly and skilful seamen. Indeed the occupation is one which requires high qualities, and the enterprise of the men is stimulated by a system which gives all the members of the crew an interest in the results of the cruise. Each man receives a certain sum for every ton of oil and whalebone, besides rewards for success in capturing each fish. The service is thus a popular one, especially under successful captains, and the crews appear to be above the average. Captain Markham, looking at the matter from his own point of view, considers that he could get an admirable set of volunteers for an expedition to the North Pole, and says that the proposal is very popular amongst all classes of seamen.

We need not follow him into further details; but, on the whole, we may safely say that he has drawn an interesting picture of a curious and adventurous branch of trade. The literature of whaling is not very extensive; though Captain Markham has had some able predecessors. But its traditions and its modern history deserve some notice. We have only space to add that he gives some interesting information as to the crew of the *Polaris*, which was brought home in the *Arctic*; and that he describes some relics of former adventure in those regions. We must quote the quaint but really pathetic epitaph on one of the graves at Port Leopold, in Prince Regent's Inlet. In a bottle at its foot was a paper with these words:—"Near this spot lay the remains of Thomas Coombs (late belonging to the carpenter's crew of H.M.S. *Investigator*), who died on board that ship on the 27th day of October, 1848, after a lingering illness of three months, which he bore with Christian fortitude. And I sincerely hope, should any Christian fall in with this, that he will leave his body rest in peace and undisturbed, and oblige his late chum and messmate, Charles Harris, A.B."

MISS MACARTHUR'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

THE *History of Scotland* before us is so small in bulk that it would not add materially to the burdens of any enthusiastic patriot who might wish to peruse it on the summit of Ben Nevis or Ben Cruachan. Its cost is so moderate that the most prudent native of the land whose annals it condenses need not scruple to include it in an outfit as slender as that of Roderick Random himself when first starting in quest of that success which is denied to no well-conducted Scotchman. But its merits are not summarized in the double praise of cheapness and portability. Its errors of commission, if it contain any, are very trifling. If any charges of omission are to be brought against it, we should be unwilling to hold a particular volume in a series responsible for the results of a system to which it necessarily accommodates itself. As this is the third volume of Mr. Freeman's "Historical Course for Schools," which began with his own *General Sketch of European History*, it may be worth while to consider how far the example before us may be regarded as a promise of success for the entire scheme which the editor appears to propose to himself.

Not only was the need beyond dispute of some such attempt being made as that which is now in progress under the direction of one of the most eminent of our historians, who moreover has had some experience of the results at least of the ordinary teaching of history, but this need has cried aloud, and has not been least audible in the columns of this journal. But we live in an age of progress, though it is not always quite certain of progress to what. Thus, though the teaching of history in these kingdoms had been neglected even longer than the representation of the Commons of Scotland in Parliament, the reform has begun at last. The example has been set in high quarters, at least in England; for the Scotch Universities have, so far as we are aware, done nothing. Oxford and Cambridge, as became them, have both set to work. Oxford, which is comparatively well provided with endowments for the encouragement of the study and teaching of

* *History of Scotland*. By Margaret MacArthur. (Vol. III. of "Historical Course for Schools," Edited by E. A. Freeman, D.C.L.) London: Macmillan. 1872.

history, has remodelled her system of Modern History examinations—so far at any rate as the University is concerned, for there is at least one famous college in which a bountiful scholarship rewards the victor in an examination which is simply awful in the vastness of the very conception thereof. Cambridge—possibly with a benignant intention of training on a sufficiently broad basis apostles who may go out in twos to academize the culture of the manufacturing districts—has issued a scheme for her future History Tripos which resembles the table of contents to a revised edition of the *Advancement of Learning*. Efforts are being made elsewhere—notably at Eton—to prepare the soil from which so luxuriant a harvest is expected in the Universities. All this is well, or at least all this is meant well. But there is a process preliminary even to that in which the upper forms of public schools, or of schools of a higher “grade,” as the phrase is, may engage with some hope of success. The very beginning has to be made; the very ground has to be broken up. In a word, before young men or boys can be introduced to the study of historical “subjects,” or “periods,” or both, they must be furnished with the means of acquiring that general rudimentary knowledge of history which is the indispensable foundation for any and every subsequent superstructure.

How to teach history to the young and ignorant is a question which we have no desire to discuss at length on this occasion with the shade of Mrs. Mangnall, or with any other practitioner. But certain conclusions will, we think, be readily conceded as not requiring proof. If a schoolboy or any other beginner is to learn history with profit, he must learn it in a reasonable way, in a connected way, and in a way which will interest him. Otherwise the pursuit will simply confound him, or delude him, or add to the many other inducements which already exist to give up the trouble of learning altogether. A boy who is merely ordered to get by heart a mass of names and dates might as well have been bidden to commit to memory a given number of pages of the Post Office Directory. The moral discipline is the same in either case; and the intellectual results will likewise tally. If, on the other hand, he is taught history in a more ambitious fashion, but still in detached bits, in unconnected sections—set, we will say, to read a handbook of English history from the Norman Conquest and another of Roman history down to the battle of Actium, with two supplementary pages bringing him on to A.D. 476—he may come forth, if he is lucky, the owner of two nicely-bound school prizes, but he will certainly come forth the proprietor of a remarkably fast accumulated number of false notions. And, finally, if he is subjected to these or any other “methods” while no care is taken to awake in him an interest in his study, and to sustain it when awakened, he will ever after regard the study of history as a delusion and a snare, and will in later life infallibly confine his historical reading to those books which happen to treat of historical subjects, and which also happen to be forced upon his attention by Mr. Mudie and society at large as “books of the season.”

But there is another side to the question of historical teaching, and that is the teacher's. He is not Mr. Freeman, though he has probably read Mr. Freeman's books—we mean his big books. Even if he were Mr. Freeman, there would be a limit—though to be sure an uncommonly wide one—to his historical knowledge. His most immediate object must be to satisfy at least the three demands enumerated—to see that his pupils understood what they learn; that they view history as what it is, a connected growth of which indeed all the connexions are visible to no eye, but which even the least experienced should from the first be prevented from treating as an agglomeration of disconnected atoms; and, lastly, that they are interested in it as in the knowledge of the doings of men and women who lived like themselves in a real world. To attain these ends the teacher also stands in need of aids, which (though in no case they can be uniformly satisfactory) must be sure, prompt, and invariably trustworthy. It is such aids as these for which he and his friends on his behalf have long, as we have said, been crying aloud. He has wanted books to place in the hands of his pupil or his class; he has wanted books which he might use himself as threads to keep together, and to keep in proportion, the oral explanations and illustrations necessary in order to interest boys in any subject under the sun—and most of all in one against which they have generally imbibed an hereditary prejudice—as being either too endless and too uncertain to be worth attempting, or too contemptibly easy to be worth taking trouble about. Books are often, and not always very correctly, described as “boons” to this or that class of people. A series of historical handbooks, textbooks, schoolbooks—the name does not matter—answering at the same time the modest but pressing needs of the teacher and the learner of the rudiments of history, was indeed a boon devoutly to be wished. It could not be the less such as coming from the hand of a distinguished historian whose mere name was a guarantee for much at least of what was wanted being actually supplied.

Having said so much, we need hardly add how sincerely we wish success to the undertaking which Mr. Freeman has now in hand. His own admirable *General Sketch of European History* supplied precisely that general thread which such a teacher as we have described requires. Of its accuracy we can speak with something like certainty after a tolerably close examination; and its lucidity would strike any reader on the first perusal. But its object is of a peculiar kind—namely, we presume, to bind the whole series together, while in a manner supplementing each particular work; and the usefulness of the introductory essay will therefore have to be determined by the result of the entire series. It will probably be read and explained—not, we hope, too amply—as an

introduction to the study of the particular Histories which have succeeded or are to succeed it; but it will have to be resorted to again and again by both teacher and learner; and its most signal use will probably arise when, after it has been mastered, and this or that particular History is in course of study, the General Sketch is again and again employed by the teacher to steady the eye of the learner, and to reassure himself as to his own control over the bearings of his subject.

When we pass to the qualifications which are above all requisite in a particular History like that before us, we perceive the same necessity for that lucidity of arrangement of which the editor's General Sketch set the example, as well as for a constant attention to that general connexion of history of which it supplies the outline. Miss Macarthur proves equal to both these demands. From the point of view of the first of them, her task was comparatively easy. Scotch history, if its details are often misty, is clear enough in its outlines, except at the beginning; if its progress is, or at least was, slow, it is a progress under ascertainable conditions and towards definite ends. When the bar has once been crossed, and the Picts and Scots are left behind, it is all plain sailing; the difficulties as to the feudal relations between Scotland and England have no reality for any one who can appreciate the value of plain facts as well as Miss Macarthur; though, by the by, in page 37, in reference to the competition for the Crown between Bruce and Balliol, she rather weakens the case in favour of Edward's—or rather the jury's—decision in favour of Balliol, by speaking of it as in perfect accordance with “modern” law—an ambiguous expression. The author has no difficulty in dividing her book into periods which are real periods—not like, e.g. those into which books divide Roman history, teaching beginners to fix in their minds as an axiom the mistaken notion that the Roman constitution was revolutionized by the *refugium*. The Gaelic period, the English period, &c., are divided off by real revolutions; and if “the Jameses” seems an odd division, it is at least not a confusing one. Moreover, Miss Macarthur has very clearly summarized the results of each of these periods upon the main questions at the root of Scottish history—the relations between the races, those between Scotland and England (and France), the establishment, consolidation, and tardy downfall of feudalism, and the religious views and systems obtaining in the land. Almost every one of these questions assumes a new aspect at particular points in Scottish history; and so with education, and even with commerce. All these points have, so far as we have observed, been clearly brought out, and not been obscured by the faintest attempt at fine writing; there are hardly more than three metaphors in the book. The diction is throughout straightforward and perspicuous; only now and then the author appears to struggle unnecessarily with the perfect tense; for she writes (assuredly with no eye to modern hotels), that the Highlanders “have at all times been much given to pillaging the more fortunate Lowlanders”; and, again, that the Orkney and Shetland isles “have never been redeemed by payment of the sum agreed on” by Christian of Norway—as if there still remained some remote prospect of a diplomatic proposition in that sense on the part of Baron Hochschild.

It might perhaps seem as if, under the second aspect of the task, a School History of Scotland likewise presented no formidable difficulty. As Miss Macarthur reminds her readers in the very first page, Scotland “was never taken into the great Roman Empire”; and the solitary connexion which her history has with its system lies in her law, the origin of which might perhaps have been dwelt upon rather more fully than it has been in the brief reference which Miss Macarthur makes to the subject. The points of contact between Scottish and Irish history are—the origin of the Scots excepted—easily marked. The other countries belonging to the European system with whose history that of Scotland connects itself are (Norway apart) only England and France. The range of the elementary student's subsidiary reading need therefore in this instance not be wide, and Miss Macarthur has clearly indicated the several stages in the relations—which she rightly regards as most peculiar—between Scotland and France, while those between Scotland and England, as a matter of course, occupy a great part of her narrative. James I. (VI.)'s attempts at union perhaps deserved a fuller notice; and we see no reference to the violent feeling against the Scots excited in England by the conduct of Lord Bute. But after Scottish history has become blended with English, it is not always easy to distinguish the currents in the common stream. Yet Miss Macarthur might have said something more of the part which the Scots have taken in colonization, though she has by no means overlooked the subject.

Upon the whole, however, we have no exception of importance to take to this book from either of the points of view already referred to. Whether it has been made interesting enough as a narrative to be likely of itself to attract the elementary student, is a more doubtful question. The author has obviously felt under no obligation to insert anything which might be regarded as mere ornament; if there has been any struggle in her mind on the subject, the ornaments have, like Bruce's brooch, “come loose,” and been dropped. Though she has found a place for Bruce's spider and one or two other old friends, she is in general as severe in manner, but by no means so protracted in length, as the Shorter Catechism itself. But why, if we may ask the question, were her limits so narrow? To put the whole History of Scotland into one hundred and ninety-three duodecimo pages is no doubt as difficult a task as to pass a robe through a ring; but what necessity was there for the ring's being so very small?

We can, in short, see no reason why an excellent epitome like

that before us should not, while retaining its concise and summary character, have been warmed up and relieved here and there by additions likely to prove interesting to the beginner. Anecdotes and nicknames (what a genius, by the by, the Scotch have at all times had for nicknames!) are well enough; but it is not an increase in this direction that we desire. But why should Mr. Freeman and his coadjutors not permit themselves the introduction of brief sketches of character in certain instances, and of an element of local description in others? Why, above all, should the progress or decay of manners not be from time to time illustrated in appropriate passages? Moderation must be exercised as a matter of course; but let the poor schoolboy—leaving the poor teacher out of the question—be cheered here and there by something which will place him in more lively sympathy with his subject. The memory of John Knox is dear to Miss Macarthur; why should she not have indulged her readers in half a page bringing the man before them? The character of James VI. no schoolboy will forget in its broad outlines (which there is plenty of first-hand evidence to sketch with certainty) when he has once become acquainted with it; why pass by the opportunity in half-a-dozen tame lines? And if the names of men of letters are to be mentioned at all, what use is there in flinging at a schoolboy's head "David Hume the infidel philosopher," of whom it is merely said that he was "born at Edinburgh in 1711," and "is best known as the author of a popular but untrustworthy History of England"? Characterization, whether of men, manners, or places, is possible within very narrow limits of space.

It is needless to offer any further suggestions, as our meaning has, we hope, been made clear. This Series is sure to succeed, and to fill part at least of a terribly aching void, if the several Histories are made a little more interesting than the one before us. This will be easily accomplished by writers so competent and so capable of self-control in the execution of a difficult task as Miss Macarthur has proved herself to be, if a little more "law" (to use a schoolboy's term) be allowed. The following volumes of this Series will therefore, we hope, be a little longer than this *History of Scotland*. Due proportion will no doubt be preserved; and we should be glad if a recommendation which we should certainly refrain from making in the case of nine out of ten elementary historical series should contribute in any degree to the success of the tenth, which in many ways promises far better than any other with which it is our fortune to be acquainted.

ARCHDEACON FREEMAN'S HISTORY OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.*

THERE seems to be some special gift of fruitfulness about the city of Exeter which enables it to keep us in a never-ceasing supply of local literature, and also in an unusual amount of current events which call for notice. The present book, a history of the cathedral church by a member of its Chapter, though its preface bears date as long ago as last August, has reached us only now, in this season of suspense, while we are waiting to know whether the reredos for which we presume that Archdeacon Freeman is responsible along with his brethren is to be looked on as idolatrous or not. We believe that the Archdeacon's is the first attempt since these matters have been at all understood to give anything like a scientific account of Exeter Cathedral. If the Archaeological Institute could have been persuaded to go to Exeter in its earlier and more vigorous days, the church would doubtless have had its history worked out once for all by Professor Willis in the same style as the famous monographs of Canterbury, Winchester, and York. But, as this was not to be, we thankfully accept what we have got from Archdeacon Freeman. It would be flattery to place the Archdeacon on a level with the Professor, whose combination of gifts, his knowledge alike of construction, of architectural detail, and of documentary evidence, together with a power of exposition which has never been surpassed, sets him above all competitors. Not but what there is one side in which the Archdeacon has, we think, the advantage. With all Professor Willis's wonderful power of combining the evidence of written history with the evidence of the existing buildings themselves, he never seems to care for any history of a building except a history of the stones of which it is built. With all his knowledge of architectural detail and architectural construction, he never seems to care for a building strictly as a work of architecture, having a certain artistic character, and worked out more or less successfully according to a certain artistic design. It may be that he has always thought it his duty strictly to keep himself within his own special range of combining the evidence of documents with the evidence of construction, and that he holds that any purely historical or purely artistic views of things are beyond his tether. But the lack of any considerations of this kind always give an air of something lacking to any discourse of Professor Willis. The thing is perfect as far as it goes. It works out all that can be done within its own range, but its range does not take in the whole of the subject in hand. Archdeacon Freeman, without reaching the Professor's strength or the Professor's clearness, without his exceptional power either of finding things out or of setting forth what he has found out, does in his way take a wider and worthier view of the matter in hand than Professor Willis does. He sees that the architectural history of a church, though distinct from the history of the foundation to

which the church is attached, is yet something more than the history of its construction. Archdeacon Freeman too is qualified for the work he has taken in hand by long study of at least English ecclesiastical architecture, and by an intimate personal and official knowledge of the building. So, as there is no hope of anything from the great master, we are glad to get what we can from a disciple who has at least striven to walk in his path.

Exeter Cathedral is noted among our great churches for several things. It has an outline shared by no church in England, save its own miniature at Ottery, and by not many elsewhere; that is, the absence of either western or central towers, while a pair of towers form the transepts, after a manner which Archdeacon Freeman reverently compares to two hands lifted in prayer, but which irreverent people say gives the church the look of a paddle-steamer. Archdeacon Freeman says that this arrangement is known to exist in three Continental churches only; the metropolitan church of Lyons, and the cathedral churches at Châlons and Geneva. Le Mans he shuts out as having only a single tower. But Lyons differs from Exeter in having western as well as transept towers; Châlons has not exactly transept towers, but towers east of the transepts, as in so many German churches and in the church of Notre Dame in Châlons itself; and, if Le Mans has now only one tower, it once had two. Archdeacon Freeman can hardly have been at Le Mans, or he would remember one of the most living tales of the eleventh century; how Bishop Hildebert was constrained by William Rufus to pull down the two newly-built towers of his church, and how the northern one has remained from that day to this a ruined stump. Altogether the closest parallel to Exeter is Geneva. Another point at Exeter is that it forms a link between our Romanesque and our Gothic buildings. At Peterborough and Norwich the earlier style prevails; at Wells and Salisbury we have only the later. At Exeter we have a Gothic body with, so to speak, Romanesque wings. And mark again that the Romanesque of Exeter has a history of its own. As at Wells, the Old-English church survived longer than usual. For one reason, it was nearly new at the time of the Conquest. Bishop Leofric, who survived William's coming several years, could hardly be expected to pull down the church which he had himself built. The next Bishop, Osbern, a Norman who had come in under Edward, identified himself with his adopted country, adopted the manners and feelings of an Englishman, and, we are expressly told, abstained from destroying his predecessor's works. The remodelling of things was therefore put off at Exeter, as for other causes it was put off at Wells. Neither of those churches had any share in the first great impulse of rebuilding in the days of the Conquest, the impulse of which we see the fruits at Winchester and St. Albans. Their turn did not come till a generation later, in the days of Henry the First; in the case of Wells even later. Only at Wells there is no visible trace of the Norman work any more than of the Old-English—though they once did exist nevertheless—while at Exeter the transept towers of the church built or begun by William of Warelwaast are still there to speak for themselves. They are, as Archdeacon Freeman says, in a plain style of Norman, but still they are not at all in the same early style as the buildings raised immediately after the Conquest. Another special point at Exeter is that the whole church except the two Norman towers was rebuilt, or rather, as Archdeacon Freeman insists, recast, at a time reaching from the later years of the thirteenth century through a large part of the fourteenth, and that from one general design. It therefore gives us one of the best lessons in the gradual progress of art during that time, and especially in the development of the window tracery of the time, of which we may safely say that Exeter supplies us with the most perfect study to be had anywhere. Furthermore Exeter is, whether we count it for a fault or for a merit, the only English church on a great scale which, owing to the utter absence of any central lantern of any kind, can show a continuous vault running uninterruptedly from east to west. In all these ways Exeter Cathedral is one of the churches in all England which is best worth studying. Few have so many striking features peculiar to themselves; but, looking at the building as a whole, as a work of art, we are not sure that we rate it quite so high as the Archdeacon does. We never could bring ourselves to admire the side towers and the long unbroken roof running between them. We must confess that the towers much oftener make us think of the paddle-boxes than of the hands lifted in prayer. The church has in fact no outline. If it was not to have the common English and Norman outline, one might have looked for something of the German outline which the side towers do indeed suggest. The Archdeacon indeed holds that the church had, or was meant to have, western towers as well as the side towers; but we do not see that he makes out this point at all certainly. And if it were so, the huge side towers with smaller western ones would have made a very strange outline quite different from the German outline of an eastern and western pair of towers, like Trier and Bamberg. Then again the church is low inside and out, and inside its continuous roof makes it look still lower. The break of the lantern would have been a great gain, and would have added much to apparent light. The Archdeacon compares it with the equally unbroken roof of King's College Chapel. But King's College Chapel is a building which stands quite by itself, a single body, without aisles, transepts, towers, breaks of any kind. The roof is unbroken, because everything about it is unbroken; and the internal height of King's College Chapel is in itself several feet above that of Exeter Cathedral. And, paradoxical as it may sound, the flattened shape of the vaulting arches and the consequent high springing point of the vault give still greater com-

* *The Architectural History of Exeter Cathedral*. By Philip Freeman, M.A., Archdeacon and Canon of Exeter. Exeter: Eland. London: Bell & Sons.

parative height to the building. What is really to be admired at Exeter, to be admired as a matter of art as distinguished from the singularity of its history, is the perfect and exquisite finish of all its detail. It would be very easy to find work which is richer; it would be hard indeed to find work which is better.

Archdeacon Freeman successfully points out some of the misconceptions of the earlier local writers, and shows very plainly that the side towers were always meant to be side towers as they are now, and that there is no ground for the belief that they once were the towers of a west front. If so, they must have been towers beyond the aisles, like those at Wells and Notre Dame at Rouen. But there is nothing to lead us to think that this was the case. The towers are quite unsuited for any such purpose; it is inconceivable that William of Warelwast could have built his whole church to the east of them, and, what settles the matter, parts of the Norman work have been clearly made out to the west of them. William was a man who had seen a good deal of the world; he had been on various missions during the dispute between Henry I. and St. Anselm, and he may very likely have caught the idea from something in Germany, France, or Burgundy; he certainly could not have learned it from anything in Normandy or England.

According to Archdeacon Freeman, the Norman church which Bishop William began went on with some interruptions through the rest of the century, and was finished by Henry Marshall, Bishop from 1194 till 1206, who not only finished his predecessor's work to the west, but enlarged it to the east, by lengthening the choir and adding a lady chapel. After this little or nothing happened affecting the fabric of the church itself till quite the end of the thirteenth century. Then Peter Quivil, Bishop from 1281 to 1292, began what the Archdeacon calls the transformation which went on under his successors, Thomas Button, Walter Stapleton, and John Grandison. We have said that the Archdeacon's great point is that the church was simply transformed—that is, that the Norman building was not even gradually pulled down and another built on its site, but that it was simply recast without pulling down. If so, the work was most ingeniously and thoroughly done, but the very ingenuity and thoroughness of the work almost cuts it down to a piece of local antiquarian history. For the Norman work in no way affects the character or proportion of the work into which it was changed. In Gloucester choir the Norman work is not even recast; it is simply overlaid with Perpendicular. In the nave of Winchester and in the choir of Sherborne, as compared with Canterbury and St. Mary Redcliff, we see the difference between recasting and rebuilding. The earlier work clearly affects the proportions of the new, and at Winchester bits of the earlier work actually peep out. But at Exeter no one would think that the exquisitely designed Decorated work was a mere recasting of Romanesque. Though the church looking east and west is low, yet the arcades, taken bay by bay, are about as perfect in their own kind as they can be. Their proportions do not seem to be in any way affected by those of an earlier building. Some may wish for a larger triforium, and, as giving greater height, it would so far be a gain; but it is in no way needed by the bays themselves, the ruling design of which clearly was to give great prominence to the clerestory without giving it that exaggerated prominence which it gets in some later buildings, as at Bath, Sherborne, and Christchurch. And on this point we should understand the Archdeacon's doctrine better if he had given us some more detailed illustrations, such as Professor Willis has given us in the like case. The photograph which he gives is very pretty, but it does not go far to explain these technical matters.

MARTIAL'S TREATISE ON ETCHING.*

AMONG the artistic signs of the times may be counted the multiplicity of treatises on etching; and that it is not merely a passing fashion amongst amateurs, the serious cultivation of the art by many accomplished artists and the formation of schools of etching, as we have schools of painting, sufficiently prove. The most recent Continental fashion in matters connected with the fine arts is for collectors of pictures to have their collections etched for sumptuous illustrated catalogues, which serve as presents to the collector's friends, and at the same time make the collection known to the public, thereby increasing its future value in the market. It is curious that so old an art as this should be revived in such strength immediately after the remarkable photographic discoveries of the present century, and the reader who is only partially initiated into artistic matters may naturally feel inclined to ask if it would not be at once cheaper and more satisfactory to have galleries reproduced in photographic autotype. There are, however, two great objections to the autotype processes as a means of reproducing pictures; one objection is that photography does not render the true relations of light and dark in coloured work, and the other that the printing processes are not very trustworthy. In many old pictures much of the work is in a degree of obscurity not always easily penetrable, and yet the charm of the picture is entirely dependent upon some perception of the forms and details that are to be discovered in the obscure passages by a keen-sighted and intelligent spectator. Photography generally renders these passages by a black blot, which can scarcely be satisfactory to the loving possessor of the original; and if the printing of the photograph happens to be defective, the blot is more uninteresting still. And even if photography were as perfect as it is imperfect, there would still be a distinctly independent pleasure in observing

how an intelligent interpreter translated the picture into black and white. The owner of a gallery that is engraved may feel vexed and irritated if the engraving is badly done, but there is a peculiar pleasure in the enjoyment of its fidelity when it is at the same time both skilful and intelligent. To study an etching from a picture that we know, when the etching has been done by some quite first-rate artist such as Jacquemart or Unger, gives an intellectual satisfaction such as we derive from the reading of an admirable critical exposition of its merits. The etcher tells us quite plainly with his point what were the delicate artistic qualities that he perceived in the printed work before him; and it is certainly not too much to say that for any student of art sufficiently advanced to take in teaching that is not expressed by words, such a plate as the "Repose" by Jules Jacquemart, after Nicolas Berghem, contains as much critical instruction as an essay by Burty or Charles Blanc. The very liberty of etching adds greatly to its force as an exponent of the qualities of painting. Any one who knows how an etcher holds his needle and how a painter holds his brush will perceive that the two instruments are much nearer akin in their manner of action than the burin is to either. An etcher who has perfect sympathy with the painter he interprets can convey a very clear notion of his manner, and can make you feel that the painter had a light hand and a brilliant touch, or a firm and solid manner, as the case may be. The etching by Jacquemart just referred to is an excellent rendering of Berghem's manner in oil. The success of several Continental etchers in this direction, especially of Flameng and Unger, has rapidly formed a school of accomplished men whose earlier art education had been that of painters or engravers; and now it may fairly be considered that etching has won the battle which it was waging against public indifference from ten to twenty years ago. It is now as popular as an art so purely artistic can be expected to become, much more popular indeed than its best friends expected when they tried to win for it some degree of attention and appreciation. In an introduction to this treatise of M. Martial, written by M. Bürger, the note of triumph is sounded very audibly:—

Eh bien ! la conquête est faite ! L'eau-forte, presque abandonnée depuis le dix-huitième siècle, est redevenue une des expressions de l'art français. Elle compte désormais comme une spécialité qui se classe dans les expositions, et qui passionne déjà les curieux et les collectionneurs.

This is quite true, and the artists who have effected this result deserve credit for their courage and perseverance. The revival of an art so nearly extinct as this was can never be a very easy matter since the chain of tradition is interrupted. Now that the revival is fully accomplished, and that we have etchers in our own time who are as skilful as the very greatest of former days, whilst they are numerous enough to form a school and help each other by mutual criticism and assistance, we may easily forget what uphill work it was to learn the art over again from the works of the old masters. Something of the credit of this revival is due to M. Martial himself, the author of the book before us. He has been a skilful practical etcher for many years, and has produced a great number of clever plates which must have done something to make the art popular in Paris. It strikes us as rather remarkable, however, that, although M. Martial appears to be practically so well qualified to give instruction in etching, he should have written a treatise which is decidedly less complete than the one published several years ago by M. Lalanne; and this is the more surprising since in technical literature of this kind the latest writer may easily supersede his predecessors, and generally endeavours to do so. M. Martial's treatise not only does not take any note of several improvements which have been adopted very generally, but it does not even preserve the tradition of some processes which were in use in the time of Rembrandt. For example, Rembrandt was acquainted with the use of the dry point and with rebiting, yet M. Martial explains neither. He ignores all modern improvements in the mass, probably not having adopted them in his own practice; and yet many of these improvements have the practical sanction of some of the most eminent living etchers, who have gladly adopted them. We may reasonably complain that M. Martial is so conservative as to ignore entirely the useful modern practice, which the photographers taught us, of grounding a plate with liquid varnish as they do a glass with collodion. There are several liquid grounds in constant use by different artists—the chloroform ground, the ether ground, and the solution of wax and Japan varnish in turpentine. Some of the most experienced and most practical etchers of the present day use and prefer a paste made of etching-ground and essential oil of lavender, of the consistence of pomatum, and applied with the *rouleau à revivir*, which M. Jacquemart has not mentioned. The old system of melting the etching-ground on a hot plate, and spreading it by means of a dabber, is much less perfect and much more liable to inequalities than either the liquid grounds or the paste, although it is quite possible that an etcher like M. Martial, whose practical skill we do not call in question, may still prefer the dabber from old habit, and from a disinclination to adopt new methods, which of course always require a brief apprenticeship for their perfect mastery. In the old treatises, such as that by Mr. Alfred Ashley, the dabber is recommended of course, because at that time no other way of spreading an etching-ground was known. We may add that it is impossible with the dabber to spread a black ground on a plate already etched upon without hiding the finest lines, whereas with the paste and roller the ground may be so thin that the faintest scratch is as distinctly visible as it is through the steel that is applied galvanically—an immense advantage when work has to be added.

* *Nouveau traité de la gravure à l'eau-forte, pour les peintres et les dessinateurs.* Paris: Cadart. London: Dulau & Co.

Writers of such treatises as this, which find their sale almost entirely amongst amateurs, are uniformly rather culpable in one respect; they readily yield to the temptation to represent their art as being easier than it really is. The reason for this degree of polite misrepresentation is obvious. To say plainly in a treatise addressed to amateurs that the fine arts are so terribly difficult as all of them are in reality, that they require the whole strength of gifted men and the labour of many years for success in them, would be to discourage the very class of people for whom the book is intended. It is essential that the amateur should not be deterred by hard statements of difficulties which are pretty certain to be insuperable in his case. This book is preceded by two short introductory papers by MM. Bürger and Théophile Gautier, which, in very pretty and graceful phrases, tend to keep up the illusion. These papers are not new, being reprinted from the old publication of the Société des Aquafortistes, to which they serve as prefaces, but they are so agreeably written that it was a happy idea to preserve them in this place. Both MM. Bürger and Gautier write as if any artist might etch who liked, and M. Martial himself does the same. In describing the state of feeling on the subject forty years ago M. Bürger says:—

On y accrochait contre les murs quelques pièces d'Ostade et de Paul Potter, ou de Van Dyck et de Fyt, ou de Claude et de Callot, ou même de Goya, mais il semblait que ce fut une terrible affaire que la préparation des plaques, et les procédés de l'eau-forte.

The people of that time, if they thought that etching was a "difficult business" (as David Cox said of water-colour), were much nearer the truth than our contemporaries who fancy that it is easy. Here is another passage in the same sense:—

Nous pouvons nous rappeler une époque, pas bien éloignée, où la pratique de l'eau-forte effrayait encore les maîtres les plus audacieux. Eugène Delacroix s'y est risqué par caprices; mais combien a-t-il laissé de pièces? Une douzaine, à peu près. Et combien a-t-il laissé de dessins? Plusieurs milliers. Quel malheur qu'un génie d'une telle abondance n'eût pas jeté ses improvisations prestigieuses sur une feuille de métal au lieu d'une feuille de papier.

M. Bürger seems to believe that, if Delacroix had drawn on metal instead of paper, he would still have produced his many thousands of designs; that he might have done as many etchings as he did sketches. But the mere preparation for an etching would have taken as much time as a sketch on paper, and would probably even have included a sketch on paper; and then the biting?—and the stopping-out?—and the proving of the plate?—and the retouching and the rebiting? It may be affirmed without hesitation that an etching on copper takes ten times as much time as a sketch carried to the same point on paper, besides which it is much more difficult to do. The etchings that Delacroix did execute were very poor etchings indeed; and he probably felt no encouragement to give the time which would have been necessary to attain a satisfactory skill. M. Théophile Gautier speaks of etching as "rapide et facile." Well, it is *facile* in the sense that there is no material resistance in etching, as there is in engraving with the burin; *facile* in the sense that there is little material friction, just as modelling in clay is more *facile* than carving in oak or stone. But what are these material hindrances in comparison with the artistic difficulties of master-like drawing and light and shade? And yet even in etching there are material difficulties that try the patience of the most experienced; and M. Martial's work leaves the reader wholly unprepared for these. Mordants are not always to be depended on throughout the whole process of biting; they will sometimes stop biting quite unaccountably, as it seems; and instances occur when all the stopping-out and subsequent bitings are labour lost from the capriciousness of the acid. The oldest and most experienced etchers complain of this; and they also sometimes complain of the inequality and irregularity of the acid's attack upon the copper when first the biting begins—a very serious inconvenience indeed, for it often makes the pale tints exceedingly difficult to obtain.

Of course these difficulties and uncertainties are not sufficient to make any persevering man abandon an art which has so many great qualities to recommend it; but they occasionally perplex and hinder very accomplished artists. A clever man will always get his plate right in the end, because copper admits of almost endless retouching and correction. In saying this, by the by, we find ourselves in direct opposition to M. Théophile Gautier, who affirms that etching "ne souffre pas les tâtonnements, les retouches, les repentirs." This is poetical imagination, the plain truth being that some of the best etchers proceed entirely by *tâtonnements* and *retouches*, whilst we have abundant evidence of *repentirs* in different states of plates by great masters who have passed away. Gautier affirmed, too, of etching, that "ce qu'elle ne peut rendre, heureusement pour elle, c'est la fausse grâce, la propreté naïve, le lisse, le ratissé, le flou, le mollasse, le blaireauté, et toutes ces recherches de soin et de patience qui causent tant d'admiration aux philistins et aux demoiselles." Alas! we fear that etching has been only too successful in these various false directions. Many etchings are published which have all these vices except *le blaireauté*, and as near an approach to that as is possible in an art where the *blaireau* is not used. Gautier, however, was a poet, and seldom hesitated about using hyperbole. There is a wonderful instance of this in his little essay prefixed to M. Martial's book. Wishing to convey an idea of the aerial lightness and delicacy of which etching is capable, he says, "Que de mouvements primesautiers a conservés cette rapide et facile gravure, qui sait immortaliser des croquis dont le papier ne garderait pas trace!" This means that you may sketch so delicately on copper that, if you sketched with equal delicacy on paper, the lines would be invisible. We need hardly observe that this is not true. The degree of pressure necessary to clear away

etching-ground properly is enough to produce visible and lasting marks on paper with pen or pencil. The idea of extreme facility is maintained by M. Martial himself, who says, "Voici les moyens faciles et prompts, qui permettront à tout peintre ou dessinateur de s'en servir utilement et de publier ses essais"; and again, "En somme, ceux qui savent dessiner doivent réussir immédiatement l'eau-forte." The truth is that, although in order to etch it is necessary to be able to draw, it does not follow that every good draughtsman is able to etch. Many good draughtsmen have tried to etch, and failed decisively, because their art of drawing was not of a kind which forms an etcher.

M. Martial has entitled his work "L'eau-forte des peintres et dessinateurs," as a distinction from the etching of engravers. It may be observed in reference to this, that etching holds a much more important place in what is popularly called engraving than is generally imagined. For example, the large plates after Rosa Bonheur by Mr. Charles Lewis, Mr. Ryall, and Mr. Thomas Landseer, though the public admired and bought them as "engravings" at a time when it looked upon etching with contempt, are in reality etchings on a machine-ruled ground, small parts only being worked with the burin. These, however, are engraver's etchings, and very wonderful things they are too, in their own way, but it is not a painter's way, although they interpret painting so efficiently. It may be observed also that the works of the new school which interprets pictures in etching are not recognized as etchings by the public outside of art, and even our principal newspapers sometimes speak of them as "line engravings." M. Martial no doubt desires to help forward the free, spontaneous, unprofessional kind of etching which has often been practised by accomplished painters, and in this desire he must have the sympathy of all who can appreciate genuine and direct expression. Let us add, however, that the productions of the last few years do not encourage us to hope much from any general effort in this direction. The peculiar sort of talent which belongs especially to Mr. Haden, and which is the inborn gift of the true etcher, is evidently one of the very rarest gifts among the artistic faculties, and without it all attempts in that direction are only so much waste of effort. It is the talent of felicitous selection suggested by passionate feeling, and how are you to teach anybody that? The sort of etching which now promises to be generally satisfactory, but satisfactory in quite another way, is that which Flameng's school is practising, and which depends much more upon science, intelligence, delicacy of observation and of hand, than it does upon any passionate inspiration.

We have met with an amusing instance of the way in which professional authorities sometimes contradict each other. Here are the opinions of Mr. Alfred Ashley and M. Martial about the operation of strong and weak acid—a matter on which, from the extreme facility of making experiments, we should hardly have thought it possible that there could be two opinions:—

1. The great fault in using acid too weak is that it bites the line broad and shallow, thus causing it to print brown or sooty; on the contrary, with the acid strong, it acts immediately upon the copper, bites a deep line, which prints black, and renders the re-biting a comparatively easy task, which brings next to impossible to lay a re-biting ground with the lines shallow. —*The Art of Etching*. By Alfred Ashley. P. 7.

2. Il ne faut pas avoir peur de l'acide; léger, c'est à dire très étendu d'eau — il creuse à la longue sans élargir le trait; vif, c'est à dire presque pur ou peu étendu d'eau — il élargit et ronge la taille et le vernis dans tous les sens. — Martial, p. 41.

We are sure, from careful practical experiments, that M. Martial is right in this instance. He ought, however, to have mentioned the Dutch mordant, which enlarges less than any other in proportion to the depth of its bitings. A Frenchman never knows what is done outside of his own country, so that one would not be surprised if M. Martial were ignorant of this mordant so long as it had only been used in Holland, England, and America; but it is now employed also in Paris. It is most valuable for its steadiness and absence of ebullition, though an etcher who uses it may still like to have nitrous acid in his laboratory when he wishes to enlarge his lines.

The illustrations to this handbook do not call for particular comment, being simply done for the biting, and they do not represent M. Martial as an aquafortist. Two of the plates have been transposed, which creates confusion; that which is marked 11 and placed opposite page 44 ought to have been marked 12 and placed opposite page 46, and *vice versa*. The book confines itself entirely to the technical process, and nothing is given to illustrate the artistic uses of the etching-needle, a point which was not neglected by Lalanne. M. Martial's literary style is very well adapted to writing in which brevity is an object. It is as direct and clear as possible, but all in *staccato*. Here is a good specimen of it:—

Il est désirable que les peintres et les dessinateurs—sans exception—l'étudient. Ceux qui se passionneront pour elle, en feront un grand art—bien français; les autres vous donneront au moins l'image—l'image—qui vaut le tableau, qui peut se répandre—celle qui élève—frappe et touche autant que le Livre!

TO ROME AND BACK.*

IT is impossible to congratulate Mr. Capes upon the form into which he has thrown his *Apologia*. The serious and the lively parts of *To Rome and Back* do not blend happily together, and the liveliness of the latter is little better than deadly-liveliness. The imaginary Mr. Seymour of St. Bede's, who tells the story, almost drops out of sight when Mr. Capes comes to describe the real

* *To Rome and Back*. By the Rev. J. M. Capes, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1873.

changes which his opinions underwent, first in the Church of England, and afterwards in the Church of Rome; and the earlier chapters, in which there is some attempt to maintain his imaginary personality, seem to have been put in rather because a convert must in the nature of things have had his mind unsettled at Oxford than because Mr. Capes has any clear recollection that his own mind was unsettled there. The account of his hero's Oxford career takes up nearly half the volume, and at the end of it he is made to say, "I left Oxford after taking my degree, and entered on my clerical duties without the slightest misgiving as to my duty in remaining a member of the Church of England. . . . I was still a thorough Protestant." Mr. Capes must therefore be supposed to think his sketches of Oxford life worth preserving and printing as illustrations of a remarkable religious movement, and in that case either his recollections are singularly unfortunate or his imagination singularly unsuggestive. What can be said, for example, of such a passage as this? The speaker is a Tractarian Don:—

"I assure you, Winston," he continued, "that the movement is growing in the most satisfactory manner. I was never more pleased than I was the other day, when I went to take duty in a terribly Evangelical neighbourhood, and happening to go into a very neglected little church, there I saw two young ladies and their brother—all upon their knees in the chancel—making a rubbing of one of the finest fifteenth century brasses I ever saw. It was a most Catholic sight. Their hands were all black with the cobbler's wax, and their dresses tumbled and dirty, and I was glad to see so much self-denial in the good cause."

"I confess that I scarcely like this passion for brasses," observed Winston; "one cannot but fear that it leads to a good deal of irreverent conversation in sacred places."

"I trust not," Yorke answered. "Young people cannot fail to be seriously impressed by the features of the venerable bishops and pious laymen which they are transferring to paper; and much Catholic doctrine must be insinuated by the deciphering of the legends which surround them."

This and some similar speeches from a Tractarian Undergraduate, who, by the way, makes rather a happy comparison between the Royal Arms which used to adorn the gallery front in many churches and the Cherubim in the Jewish tabernacle, seem to be the only things that made any impression on Seymour's mind. If Mr. Capes's hero is a true representation of himself, he must have an extraordinary gift for discerning the small side of great movements.

When Mr. Capes comes to business it is fair to say that his book improves a good deal. The reasons which led him to leave the Church of England seem curiously insufficient, but his account has at all events the merit of being fair to views which he no longer holds. First of all, he found himself puzzled to explain why he had become a clergyman. The Erastian theory, according to which the Christian ministry is one of the functions of a national communion, which he had accepted in the first instance, seemed to lack the countenance of the New Testament. The Evangelical theory, which makes the Church a mere combination of individual pious men and women, struck him as equally wanting in this respect. Consequently he was thrown back, by a process of exhaustion, upon the dogma of the Apostolical Succession. Dr. Pusey's tract on Baptism gave him a new view of the nature of the Apostolic teaching about the Sacraments, and Dr. Newman's argument that Nicene Christianity could not by any possibility have developed into modern Protestantism completed his alienation from the system in which he had been brought up. Upon this state of mind there supervened two new influences, the internal divisions of the English clergy and the apparent unity of Rome. It is strange that a man who had only just arrived at a wholly new set of beliefs should have thought the fact that everybody else had not made the same leap at the same moment an argument against the claims of the Church of England. On any theory the Tractarian movement was a reforming movement, and all reforms contemplate a stock of unreformed material to be worked upon. Mr. Capes, however, found it indispensable to his spiritual comfort to be a member of a communion in which there was an absolute identity of belief, and apparently an absolute identity of belief down to the minutest points. From this the step to the conclusion that without a living infallible teacher there can be no real revelation was short and easy. He made up his mind to be received into the Roman Church, and "felt a sense of unquestionable relief." His new-found comfort lasted but for a short time. He was soon "brought face to face with the painful truth that in Rome, as in England, human infirmity was triumphant in the most professedly saintly bosoms." If Mr. Capes had been a young lady of seventeen, the expectation he seems to have entertained that the Roman clergy were exempt from human frailty would have been sufficiently natural. In a man who had been ten years or so in Anglican orders such simplicity, if equally amiable, is not equally intelligible. Before long the tremendous truth began to disclose itself. Agreement upon a certain body of theological belief did not turn out to be incompatible with very violent differences upon matters lying outside it. One order of monks was not always on good terms with another order; rivalry between the regular and the secular clergy was not unknown; Catholics belonging to different artistic schools often waxed hot in controversy; and the result of all this was that Mr. Capes found that there was nothing for it but to enter upon a dispassionate re-examination of the doctrine and claims of the Roman Church.

This is not the place to examine the details of this theological process. It resulted in a conviction that the Roman Church had no better title to respect than the Anglican, that both were human institutions of exceedingly mixed character, and that, inasmuch as honest communion with Rome was impossible to a man holding this view of her, there was nothing to be done but to acquiesce in

ecclesiastical isolation. The fact that he had been disenchanted with the Church of his adoption did not alter the fact that he had first been disenchanted with the Church of his birth. His conclusion that Anglican pretensions had no foundation in theological or historical truth was in no way affected by the later conclusion that Roman pretensions were just as groundless. Mr. Capes describes his feelings while this state of isolation lasted with eloquence and sincerity. He is not equally successful when he comes to explain his reasons for returning, after many years' delay, to his old communion. His attitude towards Anglicanism has undergone no change, but in the Established Church of England he thinks he sees something greater than Anglicanism, and to this something he is content to devote "what now remains of a life so much of which has been exhausted in the storms of controversy." The English Church, says Mr. Capes, "is simply the institution through which the English people, speaking through a Parliamentary majority, repeats Sunday after Sunday, and day after day, its own interpretations of the Bible and its hopes of an eternal life to come." Consequently the fact that contradictory doctrines are openly taught by clergy who pray in the same churches, sign the same declarations of assent, use the same prayers, and observe the same sacramental rites, is, in Mr. Capes's opinion, an additional reason why he should work with and among them. There is, as he proudly says, no other Church in the world in which there are such internal differences; but then no Church which comprised fewer or less vital differences would adequately represent "the variations in the intelligence and religious views of the English people." The want of unity which was once a motive for leaving the Church of England is now a motive for remaining in it. If the clergy as a body agreed upon any one matter of doctrine or ecclesiastical practice, they would not, he thinks, be suitable ministers of religion in a country in which, more than in any other in the world, "opposite beliefs are held with practical earnestness by educated and uneducated men alike." Mr. Capes confesses that he regards such a Church as this as a marvellous anomaly, but he declares nevertheless that he knows of no other religious community which exercises so healthy and powerful an influence in preparing those who own her sway for the awful moment of death. What the exact nature of this preparation is, we are not distinctly told, and it is certainly conceivable that when the awful moment in question comes, the value of a Parliamentary majority as an organ of religious expression may prove to be less than Mr. Capes believes.

The most valuable part of Mr. Capes's book is undoubtedly the undesigned antidote which it administers to Protestant uncharitableness. He has no love for the Roman Catholic system, but experience has convinced him that, in England at all events, its faults are not those which popular bigotry attributes to it. The Roman idea of worship he still holds to be "in some respects more philosophical and practical than the ordinary Anglican idea of common prayer." It encourages an amount of individual liberty which is unknown among Protestants, but which is essential, or at least most important, to the offering of a purely spiritual worship by a miscellaneous congregation. Transubstantiation he now regards as false and illogical, but he pronounces that it is "no more idolatrous than is the belief that God died upon the cross upon Calvary." The popular notion that English Romanism is not a spiritual religion, he thinks too absurd for serious refutation. "I have long come to disbelieve its claims; but I know that it is no more a mere mass of idolatries, superstition, and formalism than is the Church of England itself." The abuses often attributed to the Confessional exist in this country only to a small extent, and in this matter "the Jesuits are almost absolutely blameless." Statements of this kind, when they come from men who speak with knowledge derived from experience, and with an obvious absence of any bias in favour of the persons in whose behalf their testimony is given, must have some influence in breaking down that wall of theological prejudice which divides one section of Englishmen from another. We have not been able to discover any reason why Mr. Capes should have taken the public into his confidence as regards the reasons either for his first or for his second change of faith. But, as he has thought fit to do so, it is satisfactory that he should have written nothing calculated to increase the mutual enmity of the two communions to which he has successively belonged.

AN OLD-WORLD DUEL IN HEXAMETERS.*

IT is to be regretted that some capable person with sufficient leisure does not attempt to collect into a solid edition the best of the longer and shorter squibs, satires, *jeux d'esprit*, and epigrams which have been written by Oxford residents during the last two centuries. On the spot, and with the help of libraries, diaries, and unwritten tradition, much could be found out about the collateral circumstances of the various compositions which the lapse of time will inevitably obliterate. Our attention has been lately drawn to an amusing exchange of shots between a member of Magdalen College and a member of Jesus College in 1709. It may be presumed from the subject of the duel that it had an interest beyond the University precincts, but it is remarkable how little even the indefatigable and curious research of *Notes and Queries* can bring to bear upon the quarrel and its origin. Of the first shot, and him who fired it, indeed, much more is known than of the counterblast to it. Edward Holdsworth, born in 1688, was educated at Winchester and Magdalen Colleges, and is surmised

* [*Muscipula*, sive KAMPOMYOMAXIA. Londini: E. Curll. Oxon: J. Stephens. MDCCIX. ΧΟΙΡΟΧΩΤΟΡΡΑΪΑ. Sive Hoglandie Descriptio. Londini. MDCCIX.]

to have been a native of Southampton. His refusal, in 1715, to take the oath of allegiance to the Hanoverian succession, and his High-Church sympathies, might seem to indicate a descent from the staunch Master of Emmanuel at Cambridge who suffered so much persecution and imprisonment for the sake of Charles I., and who died in 1649, as it is said, of grief for his master. What is more certain is that Edward Holdsworth was an elegant scholar, whose remarks and dissertations on Virgil were edited by Spence for Dodsley in 1768, and are still well worth reading both for their scholarship and their artistic taste and knowledge. His poem, on which we are about to touch, ran through at least two editions, was held worthy of enshrinement amidst the "Musæ Anglicanæ," and has been thrice translated. The best translation is in blank verse by Dr. John Hoadley, a son of the Bishop, and a writer of some ability, and is to be found in the fifth volume of Dodsley's "Poems by Various Hands"; the second-best is a rather free and paraphrastic version in heroic by Samuel Cobb, M.A., of Trinity, Cambridge, published by Curll in 1720; and the worst, an anonymous version in "very blank verse," printed in London for R. Gosling in 1715, and professedly "done from the original in Milton's stile." None of the three at all come up to the spirit and neatness of the original, which is prefaced in the second edition by an epistle dedicatory to "Robert Lloyd, a fellow-commoner of Magdalen College," couched in terms of genuine compliment to a student apparently of good family and promise, and at the same time expressing some mock-heroic scruples lest, by choosing from the Cambrian annals a somewhat low and ridiculous theme more adapted to his "jocose lyre" than those grander arguments to which no heroic language but the Welsh can do justice, he should have detracted from the dignity of an historic and susceptible nation. And yet no Welshman, he implies, need take offence at the *Muscipula*, the aim of which is to vindicate for a pre-historic Cambro-Briton a discovery which Greece—having stolen Astronomy from the Chaldees, Letters from Phœnicia, and Jove himself from Crete—would fain claim for her comparatively modern Homer, a bard who flourished no more than three thousand years ago.

What was the source of the gall in which Holdsworth dipped his pen it is in vain to discover in the absence of any light from contemporary gossip or anecdote. Possibly his Winchester and Magdalen friend from the Principality was of higher rank than the many Joneses of Jesus, and a satire on his ruder compatriots may have served as a subtle compliment to one who felt that he could not be confounded with vulgar Taffies. By the latter, at all events, the "Mouse-trap" was regarded as a national affront, which, as it was offered by a Latinist of high repute for poetical skill and scholarlike acquirements, must be answered by their ablest champion. But before we deal with the answer we must give an idea of the challenge. The poem opens with an appeal to the Muses and to Phœbus, in his synonym of Smintheus—

Nam te quoque quondam
Muribus infestum dixerunt Sminthea vates—

to leave Parnassus for one of the Cambrian heights, and thence to look down with favour on a mean argument woven into humble verse. A picture is drawn of the universal depredation committed almost with absolute impunity by the mouse-plague, and it is urged that what afflicts the whole world generally touches the Welsh part of it with particular keenness:—

Quia caseus illis
Multus olet, quem mus non aequè ac plurima libat,
Aut leviter tantum ardeat, sed dente frequenti
Excavat interiusque domos exsculpit edules.

Though the "heroic" translator Cobbe is usually too diffuse, he gives a neat turn to the last of the above lines, describing the cheese as being for the mouse "at once his lodging and his meat." The poet next describes the wrath of the Cambro-Britons, with a sly hit at their national irascibility, and a broader allusion to a disorder for which he insinuates more than once that sulphur ointment was in great request. Dr. Hoadley translates with creditable closeness the lines which end with

Cum digitis credas animos quoque sulfure tinctos:—

Nature prone to wrath
The Cambrians formed, and bade their fiery breasts
Burst into sudden rage—that men would deem
Their souls were with their fingers sulphur-ting'd.

In order to show that there is a just cause for this wrath against the mouse, the poet next depicts the clever shifts by which it eludes the cat, and in a happy mock heroic flight likens its clinging to its fastnesses to the ancient Britons in their resistance to Cæsar:—

Sic Cambri (Cambros liceat componere muri)
Elusere hostes, cum Julius, orbe subacto,
Imperio adiecit Britonas; sic nempe recessit
Ad latebras gens tota, et inexpugnabile vallum,
Montes: sic sua saxa inter, medioque ruinæ
Delituit tuta, et desperans vincere, vincti
Noluit; hinc priscos memorant longo ordine Patres
Indomitæque crepant terras, lingueque senectam.

An indignation meeting and a council is summoned to St. David's, which was, it seems, as forlorn in 1709 as in 1872:—

Supremo in limite terre
Concilium accitur, qua nunc Menevia plorat
Curtatæ mitræ titulos et nomen inane
Semisepultæ urbis.

An elder, with a beard the envy of native billy-goats, leaning his back against a well-worn post, opens the proceedings. In splutter-

ing accents he invokes the patriotism and invention of his countrymen. His oratory has its effect. As Hoadley translates:—

Sæcrae a brain
But with imaginary mouse-traps teems.

The honours of the competition are reserved for "Taffy," the eponym hero of his race, "faber idem, idemque senator," who, justifying stratagem by a speech ending with Virgil's "Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirit," narrates a dream wherein the capture of a too cheese-loving and adventurous mouse in his own house suggests the idea of a mouse-trap on the model of that "mordax vinclum." It is strange, he moralizes:—

Quam cæcis passibus errat
Causarum series! nobis mus ipse salutem
Invitus dedit, et quos attulit ante dolores,
Tollere jam docuit; neve hunc habuisse magistrum
Vos pudeat patres: fas est vel ab hoste doceri.

The Welshmen go home delighted. Coming events cast shadows before them in propitious omens. For example, to vary the Latin by Hoadley's English:—

The mousing kind
(Prophetic instinct) show unwonted joy,
Gamesome, and (if we credit Fame) beneath
The matron's hand dances the embryo cheese.

Next comes the description of the trap, which is too long to quote. In baiting it, a hit at the Cambro-Britons and at Welsh rabbits is opportunely introduced:—

Quo fragrantior esset
Caseus, et murem invitaret longius, escam
Fatalem torret flammis vinque addit odori.

And the trapping of a leading mouse on the first night of its being set is also intensely mock-heroic:—

Crispat nasum introitumque sagaci
Explorat barbâ, jamque irremabile lineæ
Ingressus, votique potens, tristem arripit escam,
Exitumque vorat lætus, potiturque ruinâ.

On the morrow's dawn an ass is despatched as a herald, and an owl as ambassador, to bid the Principality to a view of the success of Taffy's device. "Parturiunt montes," writes the poet, and anon he describes how Pembroke, Merioneth, Bangor, Caermarthen, the Wye side, Montgomery, and Glamorgan pour forth their deputies to witness the sport which is to be the issue of the capture. The familiar routine of Pussy's watching the trap, and whetting her appetite, when the mouse is at length in her grip, by playing with her victim, as

With sportive cruelty, a subtle task,
She acts the tyrant in a lover's mask,

is portrayed in the Latin; and the final execution amidst the shouts of the mountaineers has suggested a capital touch about echo amidst the hills:—

Lætis clamoribus Echo implent.
Æthera: clamoresque Echo, Cambre incola terræ,
Lætâ refert; resonant Plinlimmonis ardua moles,
Et Brechin, et Snowden: vicina ad sidera fertur
Plausus, et ingenti strepit Offic Fossa tumultu.

It is needless to add that the poem ends with a glorification of Taffy, who thenceforth has his day in the Welshman's Calendar, and his leek to match with Apollo's laurel.

As Holdsworth was by his school, if not by his birth, connected with Hampshire, it occurred as a matter of course to the writer of the retort, which the wounded self-esteem of the Principality took care should be fired off without delay, to turn the tables upon him by ridiculing his nursing-mother and her sty. Accordingly the anonymous *Hoglandia Descriptio*, which in a mock dedication purports to be addressed by "Mareydylus Caduganus Plinlimmonensis" "augusto admodum et undequaque spectabili heroi Domino H—S—," turns, as might be supposed, on the adagial designation of "Hampshire Hogs." Holdsworth seems to have been of the High-Church party of his day, and a friend and fellow-student of Sacheverel; and on these points he is attacked by his assailant with a savageness which is intended probably to make up for some inferiority of satire. In the prose dedication there is a hit at some crotchet or paradox in regard to parallel lines in mathematics. The writer pretends to see such a likeness in the exploits of Taffy and of Bevis of Hampton, that all the world will take both poems to issue from the same brain, "Lineæ velut sibi invicem parallelæ, quæ te iudice (quicquid inepti garriunt mathematici) ab eodem centro ducuntur"; and, joking apart, there is less merit in the lucubration of the Welsh champion, because it is throughout an example of the *tu quoque* style. It descends, too, to scurrility when, in reference, as it would seem, to Holdsworth's personal appearance, the dedication suggests that he should himself superintend the engraving of a hog as the frontispiece, either from the life or the looking-glass, "perinde erit utriusque proboscidi indatur χοιόγλασπον."

The opening of the poem refers to Apollo's occupation as a swineherd, but the taste for such personalities as—

Taque, Holdsworth, domi vetula seu rancida rodii
Ossa suis; tumidi carmen servile magistri
Seu jussu componis, ades—

an allusion, it seems, to Dr. Sacheverel—is a symptom of weakness. The writer, after this exordium, goes on to show how what was once Arthur's warlike realm, all save the lucky Isle of Wight, was now given over to hogs and hog-feeders. The wild boar overspread the land and rooted up and devoured the crops. As in the *Muscipula* the Welsh rise against the mouse, so here the Belgæ (*i.e.* the dwellers in Wilts, Hants, and Somerset),

make a stand against the hog, when the odour and the mischief of the pest become intolerable. A council is summoned to Southampton (Trisantonis ostia), and as the summoner fails to bring the lieges together by the sound of the trumpet, the happy thought occurs to him to beat a tattoo on a hog's-tub:—

Ictu pulsata frequenti
Insonat et stupidam longè vocat amphora turbam :
Quadrupes bipedesque eadem ad convivia porcos
Dolia tunsæ cunctis, gressuque ultro accurrunt uterque.

The master of the situation in this case is the famous Bevis, of whom it is told that

Ille quid angina vel quid porrigine captos
Sanaret porcos novit : quæ cura nocentes
Pellat hyoscami vires ; meliusne farinâ
Pinguescant an glande ? suum demum omnia norat.

He does not, like Taffy, 'go upon the authority of a dream ; but, having done a little in mole-catching, has got a wrinkle which he thinks may be brought to bear on swine. Thus we are introduced to the grand counter-effect of the poem. The description of hog-ringing is clearly intended to match that of the mouse-trap in *Muscipula*. It is at any rate sonorous enough, as is also the account of the device to which Bevis resorts to trap the hogs into letting themselves be ringed—to wit, getting himself up as a mounted hog-in-armour, and scattering, as he rides, soporific pills of beer, and wine, and poppy-seed:—

Torvus aper visum insequitur : fugit ille sequentem
Sudanti tremebundus equo ; pilulasque crumenâ
Expediens, superosque vocans, per compita passim
Dispergit, magicæque feram consopit ocellâ.

The monster is thus overcome by subtlety, and the picture of the crowd that is brought together by its grunting when it awakes to its ringed snout and impaired powers of mischief—a crowd which includes the Winchester weaver and the Stonham poet, who is none other than Holdsworth—is plainly meant to match the "echo of the mountains" and the "torrent from the hills" in the "Mousetrap." Of course the concourse ends in a feast ; and of course for the feast on such an occasion the Soyer or Gouffé of Southampton in that day invents a new viand. Sausages and pigs-puddings date from this exploit of Bevis of Hampton, which was so fruitful in good results and undamaged pasture and tillage that a grateful posterity looked upon one who had done so much as a deliverer whose exploits and labours rivalled those of Hercules:—

Hinc vastasse urbes, immensâ hinc mole leones
Dicitur, atque urbes, et prodigiosa giganteum
Corpora Bevis humi stravisse et mille chimæras.

So ends *Hoglandia Descriptio*, and our apology for not letting the only English version we have seen of it take turns with the Latin is that it is of no great merit, and is apt to put the personalities in even broader fashion than the quite sufficiently personal original. Of its author nothing is known, though in *Notes and Queries* we find his name given as "Mr. Richards of Jesus College" (3rd Ser. vol. iii. p. 239). But, after all, the very little we know of Holdsworth is through his *Muscipula* and his notes on Virgil.

THE GILDED AGE.*

AMERICA has as yet had so little time in which to establish a standard literature that the appearance of a sustained effort in the shape of novel or romance from the pen of a well-known American writer seems an agreeable event to the English reader, whose eye is wearied merely by running over the voluminous announcements of works forthcoming in the market of his own country. It is probable that there are many more novels published in America with some degree of success than are ever heard of on this side of the Atlantic, where only those names which can claim a place in the first rank are likely to spread their fame. When Hawthorne, Wendell Holmes, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and Sylvester Judd, the author of a beautiful and too little known romance entitled *Margaret*, have been mentioned, the list of writers of a reputation already established through works of fiction extending to any length (Edgar Poe is the author of only one such work) is well nigh exhausted. Amongst writers whose names are beginning to be well known here by the same means are Miss Louisa Alcott and Miss Elizabeth Phelps. The fact that other well-known authors confine themselves as a rule to brief flights in the region of romance may be traced either to the rapidity with which life is carried on in America, or to the comparatively short period during which civilized life has been carried on there at all, or to a combination of both these circumstances acting and reacting upon each other. Foremost among such authors as these are Bret Harte and Mark Twain ; to which names perhaps that of Joaquin Miller, the producer of that brilliant fiction *Life Among the Modocs*, should be added. Bret Harte is best known by a series of sketches of Western life, of remarkable force and skill in execution so far as they go, but they have never gone beyond a certain limit. They have been excellent in graphic description of scenery, in a facility for indicating with a few bright touches all the surroundings, animate and inanimate, of a certain phase of life seen under various aspects. Their author has succeeded admirably in drawing with a bold hand and free touch outlines of character in a manner that has made it easy for the imagination to fill in the complete picture ; and perhaps one charm about these performances is to be found in this very fact, that they leave an opportunity for the reader to use

his own powers of invention in supplying something to what is put before him, and exercising his faculty of self-esteem in admiring the skill with which he acquires himself of the task. The nearest approaches made by Bret Harte to a sustained effort of fiction have been *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands* and *An Episode of Fiddletown*, which was considered of sufficient importance to merit the honour of a translation in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In both of these were to be seen favourable examples of the writer's power of grasping types of character and giving them life in vigorous English or American ; and also some amount of real pathetic perception, which was apt at times to degenerate into maudlin sentiment. In both also, and especially in the *Episode of Fiddletown*, there was a want of cohesion and artistic purpose, an absence of the faculty of construction, which left an impression of a straggling kind on the reader. There is much difference, but there is some likeness, between Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Both have made their name so far by brief sketches and narratives ; the forte of the former lies in the subtler form of humour, in a power of poetical perception, and an intermixture of pathos underlying incidents which may on the surface be the reverse of pathetic. The strength of the latter is rather in a keen sense of the ludicrous, and in occasional bursts of eloquent description or invective. In both is to be found, in one form or another, the method of humour which has become peculiarly American. One would perhaps expect Bret Harte of the two to write the better novel, because his insight into the feelings of humanity seems closer and finer ; it is not surprising therefore to find that, where Bret Harte has failed in the faculty of concentration and finish, there also, in a longer narrative than that writer has yet given to the world, Mark Twain and the author who has worked with him, Mr. Warner, should fail.

The *Gilded Age* is a novel which purports to give a representation of life and manners in America in certain classes ; which presumably also purports to have some kind of coherent plot—of what kind it is not easy to see. It opens with a description of a small town in East Tennessee, a town lazy, dirty, and inanimate, which one Squire Hawkins, postmaster and storekeeper, is just determining to leave for the wider and livelier fields of Missouri. Before he starts with his family and belongings, he confides to his wife that he has taken up seventy-five thousand acres of land in Tennessee, and in this he sees a princely fortune, not for him and her, but for their children and grandchildren after them. Meanwhile Missouri seems likely to afford them an opportunity for enterprise, and thence an old friend Eschol Sellers, a speculative genius, has written to Squire Hawkins a characteristic letter, announcing that he has "got the biggest scheme on earth," and is prepared to take Hawkins into it. Of Eschol Sellers and his schemes Mrs. Hawkins, musing by herself, gives a good description:—

The man did honestly believe there was a fortune in that black gummy oil that stews out of the bank Si says is coal ; and he refined it himself till it was like water, nearly, and it *did* burn, there's no two ways about that ; and I reckon he'd have been all right in Cincinnati with his lamp that he got made, that time he got a house full of rich speculators to see him exhibit, only in the middle of his speech it let go and almost blew the heads off the whole crowd. I haven't got over grieving for the money that cost, yet. I am sorry enough Eschol Sellers is in Missouri, now, but I was glad when he went. I wonder what his letter says. But of course it's cheerful ; he's never down-hearted—never had any trouble in his life—didn't know it if he had. It's always sunrise with that man, and fine and blazing, at that—never gets noon, though—leaves off and rises again. Nobody can help liking the creature, he means so well—but I do dread to come across him again ; he is bound to set us all crazy, of course.

Attracted by the brilliant visions of Sellers, the Hawkins family start for Missouri, picking up an orphan child and adopting him by the way. Before they arrive at their destination they fall in with an incident essentially American in the shape of a desperate race between two river steamers, on one of which they are travelling. The enterprising captain of this boat piles turpentine, bacon, every kind of combustible into his furnace, until the engineer, with native exaggeration, assures him that "every time a nigger heaves a stick of wood into the furnace he goes out the chimney with it" ; but in spite of these praiseworthy efforts his rival gains steadily upon him, until they both jolt and lock together in the middle of the river. Then follows a harmless interchange of shots between the two captains, and then occurs an explosion, accompanied by various horrible incidents, after a careful description of which the authors tell us that "these things must not be dwelt upon." They also think it necessary to add a footnote at the end of the chapter in these words:—"The incidents of the explosion are not invented. They happened just as they are told.—The Authors." This would seem to point to a moral purpose—a desire to mark the evils of steamboat races—in the introduction of the explosion, and with this no one can quarrel. But Mark Twain, who has on other occasions shown that he possesses a great power of forcible description—for instance, in the account elsewhere of a volcanic eruption in the Sandwich Islands—has in this instance failed signally in his attempt to be impressive. The effect produced upon the reader's mind by the history of the explosion is simply one of disgust. However it serves one purpose, that of saddling the Hawkins family with another orphan to adopt—a girl this time, by name Laura, presently called Laura Hawkins, her real name being uncertain. And thus they arrive at a village in Missouri, where they are received with open arms by Colonel Sellers.

Having got them there, the authors open a new chapter with this statement, the latter part of which seems a little unnecessary:—"We skip ten years, and this history finds certain changes to record." In this sudden shifting of scenes the reader gets a hint of the ram-

* *The Gilded Age*. A Novel. By Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner. 3 vols. London: Routledge & Sons. 1874.

bling character which the book assumes from this point. The Hawkins have made and lost fortunes, and so have the Sellers; but with a faith in the genius for speculation and invention possessed by the Colonel, Washington Hawkins goes off when his family are at a bad pass to see what Eschol Sellers can do for him at Hawkeye, a town in the interior of Missouri. The ingenious Colonel succeeds in finding him a clerk's place, where he promptly falls in love with his chief's daughter. There is a good description of the dreamy young man's feelings when, having been summoned home by his father's illness, he has said good-by to the object of his love:—

All the way home he nursed his woe and exalted it. He pictured himself as *she* must be picturing him: a noble, struggling young spirit persecuted by misfortune, but bravely and patiently waiting in the shadow of a dread calamity and preparing to meet the blow as became one who was all too used to hard fortune and the pitiless buffetings of fate. These thoughts made him weep, and weep more broken-heartedly than ever; and he wished that she could see his sufferings *now*.

Washington Hawkins is one of the best drawn characters in the book; of the men, certainly the best drawn. About the other young men, chief among whom are two named Philip Sterling and Harry Brierly, there is a want of individuality and consistency; the actions of the one might be transferred to the other without giving any serious offence to the reader. Colonel Sellers, again, with his poverty-stricken home and his quick tongue ever ready to convert bareness into profusion, descends too often into the region of farce to fulfil the promise which he gives on his first appearance.

From the time of Washington Hawkins's translation to Hawkeye the *Gilded Age*, as has been said, becomes an aimless, disjointed piece of work. There are several plots none of which are particularly interesting, all going on at once and having but the faintest connexion with each other. There is a young woman named Ruth, who takes to studying medicine and ends by marrying Philip Sterling, whose character is not ill conceived or executed; but so much of one's attention is wasted over the long and minute accounts of the various speculative operations into which every one is continually plunging, that it is difficult to follow the fortunes of the various characters. Pages and pages are taken up with the business workings of these speculations, which are always carried on with an amount of corruption from the lowest to the very highest places which we can only hope is somewhat overstated. If it is not, then the worst and most degraded Governments that history can tell of are equalled by the Congress of Washington. No doubt Mr. Mark Twain and Mr. Warner ought to know better on such a subject than their English readers; still one cannot help wishing to believe, for the sake of America, that they have "set down aught in malice." The principal plot, if any of them can be called principal, is contained in a set of incidents in the life of Laura Hawkins, who, while still young, falls desperately in love with a Southern Colonel, who, as she thinks, marries her, but really calls in the aid of that poor worn-out old trick a mock marriage, having indeed another wife alive on his hands. This being so, he naturally leaves Laura after a time, with an outward as well as an inward brutality which is cut of keeping with the idea conveyed of his character. She has a long illness, from which she recovers with the heart of a fiend, as we are several times informed. But she does nothing more fiendish than flirting desperately with all the young men whom she meets, until after some years she encounters her Colonel again. To him she clings with remarkable pertinacity, and, when he leaves her a second time, pursues him and shoots him to death. She is tried for his murder, and the trial scene is interesting as showing the great difference between an English and an American criminal court. To see the counsel for the defence in a great murder case rise and address the jury with a most moving speech, habited in a brown frock-coat with a rose in his button-hole, would be to those accustomed to the solemnity of English courts a considerable surprise. Thanks, however, to the ability and eloquence of this gentleman in the brown frock-coat and the rose, Laura is acquitted. She then takes to lecturing, is treated with scorn by her audience, and dies of a broken heart. The reader is evidently expected to sympathize with her entirely, but she is too unreal a person to excite much sympathy, even if from the circumstances she deserved it. The book concludes with the marriage of Philip Sterling and Ruth, who is one of the few people whom it is possible to feel an interest in. The others are disposed of in various summary ways. Clay Hawkins, we are told, the orphan picked up at the very beginning of the book, had wandered westward upon trading ventures. "His life lies beyond the theatre of this tale." Then what possible end was served by introducing him into it? Washington Hawkins's last action is to get rid of the Tennessee land from which his father hoped so much, and which he says has been a curse to them all. Thus the purpose of the story would seem to be "Put not your trust in Tennessee land." But in truth it has no definite purpose or construction; it is a set of scenes of American life, which may be truthful or may not, which are sometimes amusing and interesting, and sometimes much the reverse. On the whole, admirers of Mark Twain who wish to retain their admiration unalloyed had better leave the *Gilded Age* alone.

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